

THE GETAWAY

Volume LIXXX Number 24

Tuesday, 7 December, 1999

<http://www.fu.palberta.ca/nostupidwebpage/>

President is an alien

Any Oldman

Nude Staff

On December 3, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) revealed shocking news at a press conference held at the Shaw Conference Center.

After years of study, CSIS has found intelligence on other planets, and that this intelligent life has invaded Earth's many universities. CSIS held this conference in Edmonton because they feel that Alberta students will be especially at risk, because the president of the Perversity of Alberta, Frederick Raser, is actually from the planet Zortron.

CSIS has been secretly studying Fraser for the past thirty years for suspicious behavior.

CSIS was first alerted to Fraser by critics who claim that he is completely out of touch with reality. On further examination, they discovered that Fraser knows absolutely nothing about student life.

In fact, even as a young alien on Zortron, he never acquired any form of formal education. Fraser arrived on Earth in 1969 and took on human form but never adequately understood humans. He studied History at the Perversity of Alberta and had problems with Math 113 and Economics 101.

One of Raser's past professors at the Perversity explained that he used to ask six nonsensical ques-

tions each class, along the lines of "why don't they use alpha configurations instead of derivatives?"

In addition, friends of Fraser say that he refused to write with ink on loose-leaf, that there were always bits of paper on his chin after lunch, and that he preferred to drink Sunny Delight instead of beer.

As CSIS placed Fraser under arrest, he revealed his plans to the public. "The relentless commitment to excellence of my community of aliens is driving us towards being indisputably recognized in this galaxy. Recruiting the best and brightest minds is key to this vision."

After Fraser started on as President of the P of A, the population of "international" students rose to triple its 1969 levels. CSIS suspects that the international students may also be extraterrestrial.

Raser has said that he wanted to increase the population of international students on campus, but he never defined who he thought were international students. Experts claim that he was planning to increase enrollment by recruiting more students from other planets.

Eventually, the tuition would increase so much that earth students could no longer afford to attend. Then interplanetary students, trained in many fields, could gradually overthrow the human population, giving humans the difficult choice of slavery or working for Telus.



Experts say studying in the nude (as demonstrated above) leads to higher averages, but more crab infections.

Tiny Bulge / THE GETAWAY

Minister denies universities' existence

Crispy Fucker

Nudes Editor

Post-secondary funding will not be on the agenda for 2000 budget talks, said the Provincial government yesterday, but that's not all. Bile Iceberg, Minister of Learning, is denying that post-secondary education even exists.

In a press conference held yesterday to address the construction-paper needs of elementary-school children, Iceberg was asked if he supported a freeze in post-secondary tuition. He replied confusedly, "P-post-secondary? You mean, like, working at McDonalds?"

Despite being pressed by reporters raising clues like "you know, that big building with all the hippies," or "that place rich people send their kids to get them hooked on phonics, not cocaine," Iceberg was not able to recall anything about the post-secondary education system in Alberta.

Following closely behind Iceberg's proposal to offer post-secondary courses in high schools,

this most recent development comes as little surprise to perversity students, who have been dealing with rising government ambivalence to the cause of increased tuition and quality problems for many years.

Political Science professor Harvey Wong sympathized with Iceberg's apparent confusion. "I used to believe in post-secondary education, too," said Wong. "But I've been at the Perversity of Alberta for fifteen years, and I'm afraid that quality education in a free intellectually-enriching environment has joined my list of myths, like Santa Claus and the free lunch."

Iceberg's new portfolio consists of just kindergarten through grade twelve education, which Iceberg finds a much more "cute and cuddly" cause as opposed to being "loud and whiny," like before. Post-secondary education will now fall under the portfolio of Aboriginal Affairs because, as Premier Ralf Crime said, "That's where we put issues we're not interested in anymore."



Today

27 Dean of Science Dick Peter notices surplus of first names.

Quote for the day:

Ralph Klein is a bag of shit.

—Levi Lund

This day in *The Getaway's* history:

Ralph Klein dropped out of school in Grade 10, forfeiting his future as an educated man. He subsequently snuck into bars to avoid truant officers, eventually becoming an arrogant, oil-man ass-kissing, education and healthcare visionary sans vision.

1967

Index

Nudes	1-4
Meddling	5-7
Spurts	8-10
Farts & Dismemberment	12-16
Assifieds	17
Comeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeks	18-19

Please recycle this newspaper



President Fred Raser and his extra-terrestrial brother cast a spell.

CL Cool J / THE GETAWAY



Wide Mouth Mason's Millennium Rocks

Special Guests Jordan Cook Band - the world's hottest guitar prodigy

December 31, 1999 - Northlands Agricom

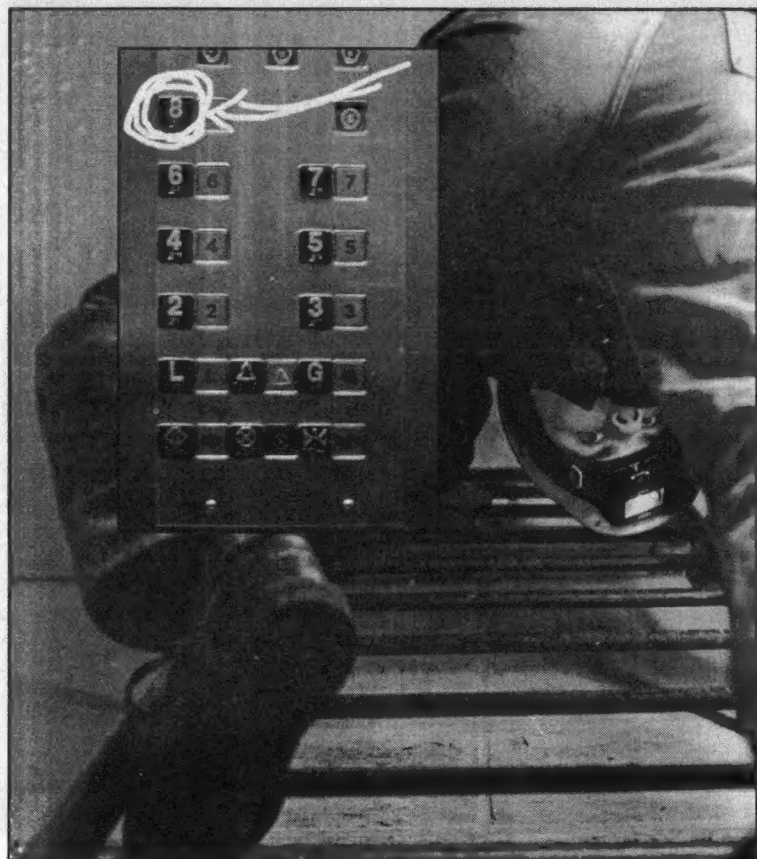
Canada's Best Live Band

Explosive Millennial Launch

Lots of Y2K Swag

Great Prices for a great show • Tickets start at \$22.00
Call Ticketmaster@ 451-8000 or online @ www.ticketmaster.com

"You dirty RATT," screams geological sciences



In search of truth, a miner explores the upper reaches of the SUB tower.
Alyson Backseatofa Chrysler / THE GETAWAY

Sadam Housstein
NUDE STAFF

The smoldering legal battle between RATT and the Geological Sciences department over the bar's controversial "No Miners" policy was kindled afresh today, as Geological Sciences made shocking new allegations that the "Room" may not in fact be "At The Top," as previously believed.

Originating from an extremely inebriated reporter on assignment for "Guitar Thunder," the photos were not, as intended, of the oft-imitated eighties super-group. Instead, the photos in question, purportedly taken from within the SUB elevators, clearly show an elevator button marked with the digit "eight", despite RATT's well known location on the seventh floor. Further photographs show what appears to be a flight of stairs extending upward from the seventh floor, although this evidence has not yet been verified.

The discovery of an unexplored region above RATT, tentatively known as "the eighth floor" has

been met with skepticism. As a witness for the Defense, Professor Melvin Van Breenk states bluntly "It is impossible for anything to exist above RATT. For something to do so, the entire space-time continuum would have to be rearranged."

Further, he declared that believing such a thing is a "crime against nature herself," in a statement indicating that his current suspension from Physics Department tenure may have been well-justified.

Taking a somewhat less ridiculous stance was Stupid Onion President Lamb Chop, who took the stand earlier today: "We don't know what is up there. There could be hitherto unknown filing space, or even a janitorial supply room. It is too soon to make assumptions, all I can do is assure you that a full investigation has been launched," he told attendees at a press conference late yesterday evening.

When asked for comments, P of A President Frod Raser replied "Why are you asking me? I don't know how that extra floor got there. I bet those damn Aggies had something to do with it."

CLUB MALIBU



NO MORE DRAFT!!
Thursdays
(Thank God)

UNIVERSITY

BRAND NEW

THURSDAY STUDENT NIGHT

CLUB MALIBU

We've Gone MAD!

UNIVERSITY

NOW 75¢
HIBALLS
ALL NIGHT
(Every Thursday)

CLUB MALIBU

PLUS
Get your

FREE V.I.P. Card and \$15 Gift Certificate
(Check your student handbook)

CLUB MALIBU

10310 - 85 AVE • 432-7300

Parkland awesome —Parkland

Tulip Melitski
NUDE STAFF

This weekend, The Parkland Institute became the best place on Earth.

Jack Parkland, director of what some people call "The Finest Left-Wing Agency on Earth," at a press conference called by every hippie in the world, had this to say. "Well, I really think that we're helping people by revealing the ills of society in a left-wing manner."

The Institute has just released a study commissioned about themselves by themselves titled "Why Every Left-Winger is a Genius, and Every Bible-thumping Right-Winger is an Idiot." It outlines the inability of government to provide free everything, and a total lack of sympathy on the part of the Progressive Conservatives towards communist ideologies.

"We really think that the left-wing is best because there really isn't any way that we should have to work, or make money, or even have goals, other than not working. In fact, by talking to you now, I'm losing valuable ideological seconds by doing something other than chanting beat poetry, and smoking dope," said Parkland.

Also outlined in the study were the Institute's three points for a better tomorrow. "We thought that three was a nice, round number, so we decided that 'Eat, Shit, And Breathe' were about all we wanted to do. We even had to convince some of the members that breathing was essential," said Parkland.

The agency was once touted as "the agency most likely to resurrect free thinking, hippie ways," by some guy with a hat on, but, as of late, that has not been the case.

Ralf Crime, from his throne in the recently renovated legislature room where they do the debating, refused to comment.

Geers may eventually reproduce

Sadam Housstein
NUDE STAFF

To most, engineering students seem to live contentedly with the self-imposed celibacy brought on by an affinity for Magic cards and inadequate personal hygiene. There are indications however, that, of late, the scent of love may be mingling with that of Clearasil in the halls of Engineering.

This strange notion comes courtesy of a four-year study commissioned by the Department of Engineering. The results of the project were released last Thursday, and indicate that Engineers may know more about the process of mating than previously thought. Survey results from first and second-year students found that 73 per cent were able to recognize a female on sight, and nearly 50 per cent claimed to know someone who had actually talked to a girl. In one shocking case, one student was found who could actually describe the caress of a woman. "It's kind of like Uhura or Counselor Troi actually touching you" he stated, before giggling nervously and typing something filthy into his "special" HP.

Engineering Students' Society President Herbert Shmincke expressed excessive enthusiasm at the survey results. "Oh yes, we are happening dudes. Let me assure you that the ESC accepts only the social elite. We have the



Experts say (and hope) natural selection will prevent 'Geer' reproduction.
Sadam Housstein / THE GETAWAY

brains, we have the bitchin' Van Halen shirts, and we're pretty sure those dangly bits come into the equation somehow. I can't wait to bring some hot mama back to my pad for a night of Warcraft on my iMac. Hubba hubba."

The results were not met with similar enthusiasm elsewhere. News that the engineers could hypothetically breed is being treated as an emergency by the Perversity's Stupid Onion. Signs are already being posted in all female dormitories warning them not to accept any offers involving Solar-powered vehicles, Babylon 5 marathons, or "free hardware/software compatibility testing." But some officials fear that these measures may be insufficient to weather the hormonal tsunami now considered an inevitability.

"With their knowledge of friction coefficients and ability to calculate angles of thrust to thirty decimal points, there is definite reason for concern. It is only a matter of time before they abandon the artificial woman they have been building in Mechanical Engineering and start looking for the real thing," noted a key University official. "At the current rate, I wouldn't be surprised if engineers were going on actual dates within the next seven to ten years."

He went on to make the reassurance that in the event of a confirmed spawning, a little-known section of the University Charter would be enacted, giving Campus Security unlimited power to exterminate all engineers as a final measure to prevent contamination of the campus gene pool.

P of A signs \$30M deal with Disney

Sweet Desperation
NUDE EDITOR

Saying "it was too sweet to refuse," Frod Raser sold a bit more of the P of A's soul, this time to the Disney company for \$30 million.

However, the money does not come without conditions. \$25 million of the Disney contribution must be allocated for creation of a Flubber research and development institute.

"If it ever works out, it'll give our

sports teams an indisputably recognized advantage," Raser said.

Also, Disney stipulates that the P of A must discontinue testing on mice, but study the possibility of flying carpets. The Perversity must also call Campus Security officials Magic Kingdom Guardians, and dress officers in Disney character costumes.

"I'm definitely concerned," said P of A Constable Smee. "How am I supposed to assert my authority dressed like, I don't know, Jar Jar Binks—is he Disney?" Smee

queried.

However, President Raser said that the deal does not just include money. "I made it explicit: we wanted to know what species Goofy was to satisfy our curiosity. He's a Prairie Weasel!" Raser said.

"For the sake of political correctness, we also said we wouldn't cut a deal with them until they changed the name of two of their movies. Now, the movies will be known as *Snow White and the Seven Small People*, and *African-American Beauty*, Raser said.

Campus Security notes Raser's unusual use of internet

Levi Lund
NUDE EDITOR

University officials monitoring employees' use of the internet has revealed that President Frod Raser visited Aaron Carter's website 950 times in the last six months. Carter, the younger brother of Backstreet Boy Nick Carter, is a pre-teen pop singer.

"Aaron's music makes me happy," Raser said, in defense of his Carter website habit.

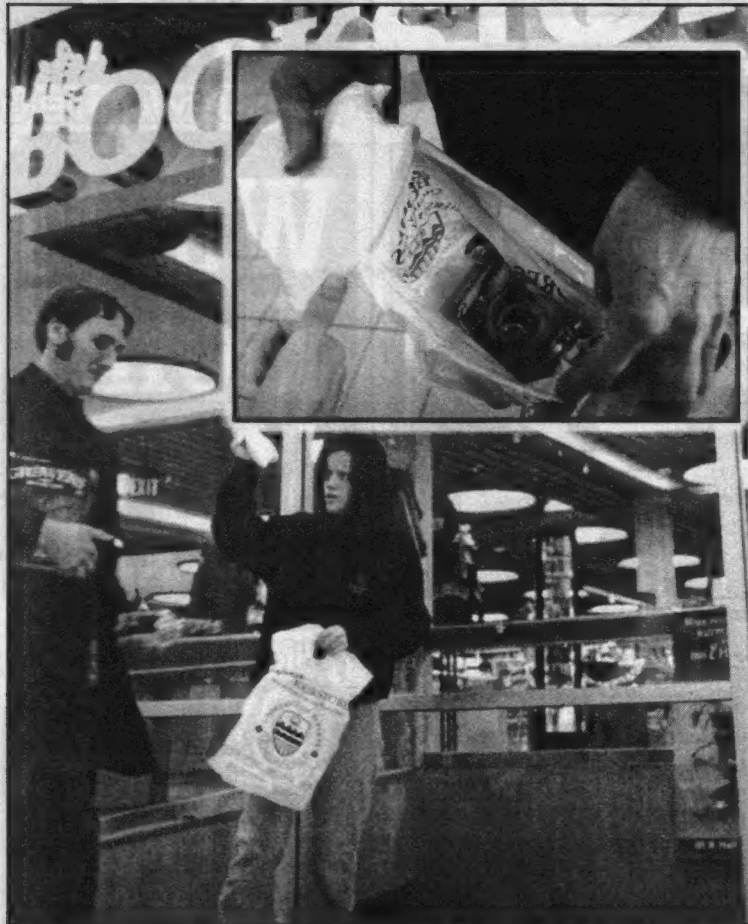
It has also been noted that Fraser's last two fundraising trips have coincided with Carter concerts in Tokyo and in Branson, Missouri. "That was just a fortunate coincidence," Raser said.

Raser's wife, Daisy, said that Raser has a collection of over 30 Aaron Carter videos, including home-video footage of Carter, and rare footage of Carter on Japanese TV, of which Fraser is particularly proud. "When he comes home, he goes to the rec room and chooses one of the videos from his library—that's how he likes to unwind."

Back stage after a recent concert, Carter was not surprised that a perversity president was a superfan of his. "I have lots of fans, young and old, and I love them all," Carter said.

However, upon being shown a photo of Fraser, Carter blanched and his manager abruptly ended the interview, saying "Aaron has no further comments."

Crackstore will replace bookstore



Patrons examine their cocaine outside the new P of A crackstore.

Al Nightlong Wharmby / THE GETAWAY

Jon-Jon McGee
NUDE STAFF

It's now official. The second semester will see the closing of the Perversity Bookstore to make way for the new "Perversity Crackstore."

After months of speculation, the bookstore announced the radical change to better suit the needs of today's students. "Our market-research showed no interest in text-books, but the demand for drugs, alcohol and porn was through the roof," exclaimed Martha Bogswort, manager of the soon-to-be crackhouse.

The survey of students 18 to 25 years old also indicated high demand for glue and other household aerosol products. "It was shown that Lysol could be an especially big seller," Bogswort said.

After years of declining profits for the Perversity Bookstore, management decided to move away from the traditional sales of text-books. "We were getting screwed big time," explained Joe Doe, in

charge of finance for the Perversity bookstore. "So we told those textbook publishing misers 'fuck you' and screwed them."

The new store will include a wide variety of illegal substances, aimed at today's discerning young drug-addict.

The liquor section will boast a "vodka slurpee machine," as well as several free sampling stations.

The selection of porn will be "second-to-none," according to store designer Antonio Stonio. "It will be like Chapters, except instead of gourmet coffee, you'll drink over-priced alcohol. Instead of leafing through books in big comfy chairs, you'll drool over porn while sitting on cheap imitation leather. It's going to be 100 per cent class and nothing less, baby."

Speculation has it that SubTitties will also get into business along the same lines as the Crackhouse. "In order to compete with the Crackhouse, we're looking to offer cut-rate booze and back issues of *Hustler*," commented manager Ima Cheepass.



Shoppers with too much time on their hands check out this year's Butterdome Crap Sale.

Colwyn Llewellyn-Mynamesifuckinglong-Thomas / THE GETAWAY

James Brown: nerdy sex-pusher or pencil machine?

Foxy Fetish Mulder
NUDE STAFF

Perversity of Alberta President Froderick Raser has just announced the hiring of consummate show man and superstar extraordinaire, James Brown.

After such a long career in show business, the Grand Master of Love has decided to chill with his Canadian love honeys for awhile and has in fact taken up residence as VP (Operations and Finance) of the Stupid Onion.

We decided to follow this superstar of the sixties, seventies, eighties, and nineties on his first week to see what makes this sex machine continue to 'get on up.'

Contrary to popular rock and roll myth, Brown is an early riser and hates to miss an opportunity to make love to his woman in the early morning hours. He appreciates having his soulful skin pampered with cucumber juice and then wrapped in seaweed to rejuvenate his achin' sixty year old bones. These needs are met by the lovely Miss April from Sweden who received her degree in wraps from the Badass Jack's School of Naughtiness.

After his morning movements which include getting out of bed, looking out the window onto his vast estate and Aretha Franklin shaped swimming pool, and scratching his belly, Brown dresses himself (he feels that dressing one's self "keeps it real to the people") in custom designed embroidered silk boxer shorts that read "Brother Brown's Midnight Parade." Brown then dons a velour jogging suit and gold painted Nike Hi-Tops with rhinestones embedded on the side. All this is made possible by his team of Calgarian oilmen that work round the clock to ensure that the Godfather of Soul's needs are met.

Brown takes his own special gold limosine to the Stupid Onion Building emblazoned on the side with the names of various Perversity sponsors like Coke and every oil company in Alberta.

After losing all his hard-earned cash to the taxman back in the dark crack infested days of the

eighties, Brown felt it necessary to aid his cause with private sponsorship. Inside the limosine there is even his own special washroom in case he feels the need to update his look on the way to work.

To answer the question that is on everyone's lips: yes, there is a special someone in there to help this senior soul citizen feel all the love he needs on the way to work, and yes, he has to also look at those dumb-ass ads telling everyone to become an accountant when he takes a piss. But that don't get the brother down, cause after all that crack in eighties, nothing does. He's been high since 1985 and ain't ever coming down.

One might think that Brown might encounter some jealousy at work given his superstar status. Of course, not everyone gets massaged by a team of Lithuanian dwarves on the half hour.

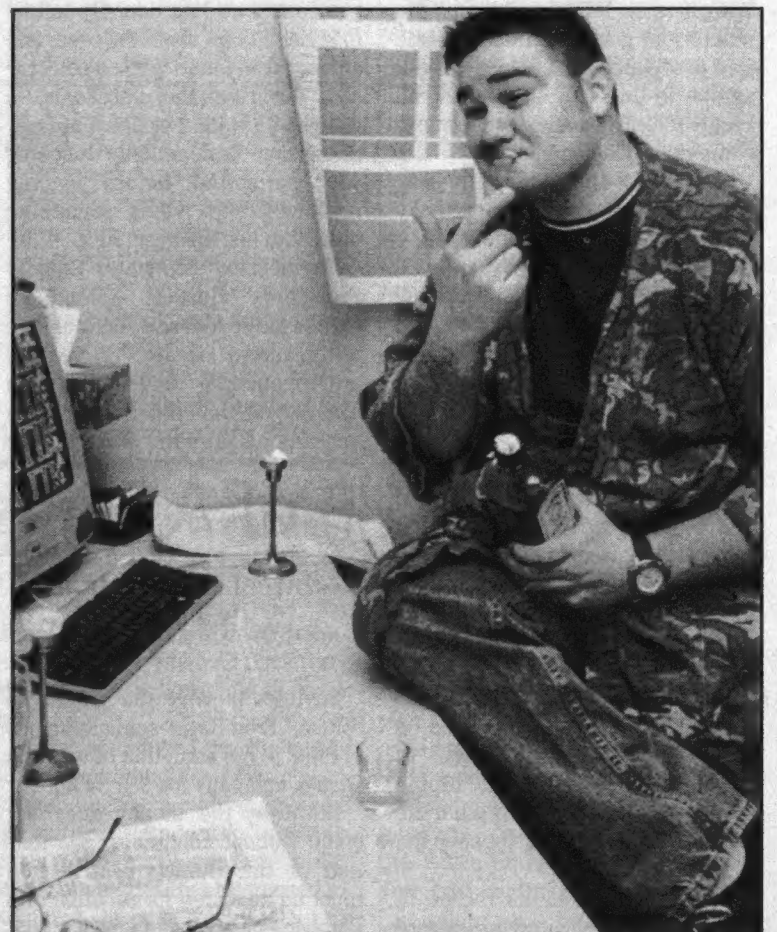
His secretary has even gotten used to him talking to himself all of

the time, saying "huah, yeah, huah, yeah" and prancing around the office like it's the Detroit City Music Hall in 1972.

President Frod Raser, reached by phone yesterday, said that he was happy to have Brown on board and was even thinking of "taking up velour and the Jerri Curl" himself.

In fact, he also announced a new sponsorship deal with the Jerri Curl company, which is coincidentally owned by Brown, which will make it the only hair product used on campus—watch for your Calculus prof to be sporting a Lionel Ritchie hairdo within the week.

When asked whether he missed his Miami lifestyle, the hardest working man in showbusiness fell down on his knees, took the microphone in his hand and, praising the Lord said, "I ugghh yeah, git on up, yeah, oooooooooo yeah, oooo yeah, I's ooo love yaaa. Yeah yeah, aghh."



James Brown, shown here feeling no pain, gets down in his SU office.

Patrick Fine-lay / THE GETAWAY

PERSONAL ANECDOTAL GARBAGE

5

don.cornelius@fu.palberta.ca

Tuesday, 7 December, 1999

THE GETAWAY

EDITORIAL

when they about punk
they are punk

Slow, for a long time, I've been accused of being more than right-wing. And that much might be true. But I'd like to suggest something.

What of the suggestion that, if we were all drunk, the world would be a happier place? I seem to have found that people are much more open to suggestion than when they are sober. It's almost as if people were more prone to peacefulness when they were drunk than when they were sober. What of this?

For the longest time, alcohol has been legal. And, other than the thousands of deaths on our highways yearly, there have been few to no negative affects of heavy drinking. What can we construe from this information?

I think the point we're trying to make is that by being drunk, we are innately predisposed to peacefulness. I have no quarrel with you, and you have no quarrel with me right now. In fact, if we were at a bar right now, and if the entire United Nations were beside us, we'd all be the best of friends.

Because, frankly, drunks don't have the energy to fight back against whatever it is that's bothering them. In fact, I'd wager that there's nothing more peaceful than a group of UN delegates and a bottle of vodka, or rum, or moonshine, or whatever.

So, then, you might be wondering

(if you're completely brainless) what it is that I'm advocating.

I'm advocating alcoholism. Those of us with no livers can't fight. Those of us who are drunk can't argue very well. Those of us who can't even take a bath without drowning in the soup of dead skin and fetid water can't even lift ourselves out of our own stink.

And our drunkenness is an advantage. There is nothing to fear of a drunk man. I'd wager to say that a drunk man is the best friend that a diplomat ever encountered. He has no will, no power, and certainly no clout. And how hard is it to tip him over? Not very.

Now, I've already said that alcohol makes people drive off cliffs and such, but isn't it really worth it when you consider world peace, an end to of world hunger, and such? But what is it that you all want from me? I am but one man, and I have nothing to offer you!

Leave me alone! That's all I have! There are no more words! Leave me in peace! Let me be! All I want to do is have an article once a week in the Managing section! Please! Nobody reads the editorial, anyway.

I am the king.

Wheel Ofortune
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

YAI



LETTERS

And I shall strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger, those who attempt to posion and destroy my brothers. And you will know that my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee. (Ezekial 25:17)

I would like to offer Mine expert opinion on the recent religious debate abounding in *The Getaway's* letters. First, the latest amendment to the counter of the agreement with the Judeo-Christian refute of the commentary on My Will is absolutely wrong. I also rebuke *The Getaway*, for "they have also put it among their own stuff" (Jos 7:11). As anyone who diligently studies My Holy Word can easily discern, "But the pelican and the porcupine shall possess it, Also the owl and the raven shall dwell in it. And He shall stretch out over it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness." (Isa 34:11)

I object also to the reference to "heretic-burning dinosaurs." For the record, the Dinosaurs WERE NOT in the business of heretic burning. They had difficulty counting to seven, and thus there were issues concerning the Sabbath day,

but they weren't even able to cook their food, let alone burn heretics.

And now you are again trying to find absolute truth. Me damn, you guys are blind! I write a simple 1000-page book with all the answers and you can't even find them. You "utter vain knowledge, and fill (your) belly with the east wind." (Job 15:2) You'll read such boring, repetitive writings as Plato's Republic, Das Kapital, and *The Getaway*, but you can't give the Bible a good read. After dozens of translations in countless languages, you still can't understand such simple concepts as "A greyhound, an he goat also, and a king, against whom there is no rising up." (Pr 30:34)

But My Love is absolute and my forgiveness is eternal. I therefore bestow another commandment to guide My beloved children: Speak from thy heart, not from thine ass!

LORD ALMIGHTY GOD
PRESIDENT OF ALL THINGS

DUH
Time machine

There's the rub, aye. It's what gets me going in the morning: Quaker Oatmeal. I'm the oatmeal guy. So, then, there were these three people in Quad the other day, and one of them said to me, "idiot! What the hell are you doing! You're disrupting the space-time continuum!" So I said to him, "So? I find your one-track time continuum very dissatisfying. Please let me

continue."

The point I'm trying to make is that there are three dogs here in my time machine, and they're all biting me. Thank you.

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH
STUPID ARTS II

X3%6! ^yy2zz!

So, then, there were three dogs in a car, and the first dog says, "hey! Let's stop at the pet store, and pick up some bitches." And the second dog says, "let's stop at the chicken farm, and pick up some chicks!" But the third dog stays really quiet. Finally, the first dog says, "Why are you so quiet?"

The third dog replies, "I'm not horny. I humped your mom." Then the other dogs kill him. Oh. Tuition sucks.

JACK STUPID
LEAST FUNNY MAN ON THE PLANET

You crazy fuckin' commies!

Round these here parts, the law comes from the barrel of a gun, and when I'm drivin' ma pickup truck across the great prairie and I hear of some book-readin' school-boy pussy complainin' about tuition, I just about shit my pants laughing. You see, here in Alberta there are two certainties, oil and farming. School just don't come into it, and when you liberal cocksuckers hide behind yer books and yer statistics and yer commie bullshit, you fuck

with the Alberta way. I made a mistake when I stayed in school past grade eight, cuz now I'm literate and I can read yer paper. So when I do, I gets a little crazy when you young'uns, who never done worked a day in yer life, complain about the cost of yer education. What you should really be thinking about is what your education is costing the fine, upstanding alcoholics, wife beaters, and crackheads of this here province: while you liberal pukes sit around and read yer books and talk yer philosophy, yer not workin' in the tarsands. That's where we need ya, knee deep in sludge with yer head on yer work, not in the clouds.

RALPH CRAZYFUCKINHICK
PONOKA

You sexist nazis!

I read *The Getaway* on a regular basis, and each time I lift it from the rack I am ashamed to read it. It is consistently the filthiest and most inane publication I have ever laid eyes on. Your comics feature men, and your articles are written by men. Therefore, your newspaper is part of the patriarchy. You are part of the problem, and are all stupid, largely because you are all men. I hate you all because you are oppressing me. When I read your paper, which I continue to do since it gives me something to whine about, I find myself hating something else.

In fact, the content of your newspaper is so discriminatory that it has ruined my life. Basically, my life now is reading your paper and expecting to get offended. On the

off chance that you publish anything in the opinion section which is written by a woman, I automatically assume that anything in it which is wrong was introduced by the male editors.

I hate my life.

SANDRA LONELYTART
WOMENS' STUDIES XXIV

Scrap metal recycled into scrap metal

Is there any reason for the department of steel sculpture to continue to exist? On a dare, I bashed my car into a pole, enrolled in a Fine Arts steel sculpture class, and handed in my car as my final project. I got a NINE!

Why is it that something as pointless as steel sculpture is taking resources away from useful faculties like printmaking, or cat-humping? Let's think a little harder about this.

ROBERT APPLEBAUM
HISTORY X

Letters to the editor should be dropped off at RATT in the Stupid' Onion Building, or emailed to crazytaxi@fu.palberta.ca.

The Getaway reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of letters it deems racist, sexist, libelous, or otherwise hateful in nature.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 3000 words in length, and include the name, student identification number, program, and year of study of the author, to be considered for publication.

powerplant

wednesday 08

last
day of
class
bash

powerplant

friday 09

ingas
night
out!

powerplant

saturday 10

fly
mike
fly

powerplant

new years eve

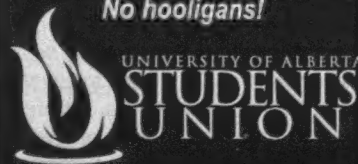
tickets now
on sale!

powerplant

the fine print

An initiative of the
UASU for students, staff, alumni
and guests of the University of
Alberta. Located west of the
Rutherford Library. Infoline @
780.492.3101.

Valid age id required.
No hooligans!



Give me hippie love or give me bourgeois death!



Keg Grenadine

The time of giving comes but once a year, and from the cold breath of winter upon the exposed necks of shoppers in the overbrimming parking lots of this city's plurality of shopping malls, it is evident that the time has descended upon us yet again. Walking barefoot to the soy and hemp store, where can be found all that is needed to sustain human life, I pass the growling lines of carbon-breathing monsters all clamoring to get somewhere in a frightful hurry, their pilots straining to talk on their cellular phones and eat their pre-packaged foods of haste. Yes, the time of giving takes so much.

In this tragedy of Grecian proportions, consider the first casualties of our disposable festivities, the pungent pines and salient spruce trees harvested in their youth to adorn the living rooms of the bourgeoisie. This complacent murder continues undaunted, a hypocrisy not unlike that chronicled by Aeschylus 25 centuries ago when he wrote "behold the orphaned children of the eagle father, now that he has died in the binding coils of the deadly viper, and the young he left behind are worn with hunger and starvation, not full grown to bring their shelter slain food, as their father did." Today's venomous serpent passes invisibly as the hand of the market, holding us all by the throat and entreating us toward further igno-



Colwyn Llewellyn-Myname'stoofuckinglong-Thomas / THE GETAWAY

rant consumption.

Though the decapitated junior boreals are but the first casualties, think of their larger brethren who, in their prime, are toppled to be processed into paper plates, wrapping paper and popsicle-stick nativity scenes. What proportion of our terrestrial lungs must we deprive ourselves of before the choking onset of carbon dioxide poisoning beseeches us to gasp our way back to reason?

If the living earth were enough, we might find solace in sustainability and restraint. The dead earth however—that is, that life which has been interred and now is disturbed by mining and drilling—is being resurrected for fuel and to be turned into plastics: fuel to heat the oversized houses and the ridiculous chariots of the

decadent bourgeoisie, and plastics out of which to fabricate the merchandise which will be consumed in the coming weeks.

Meanwhile, the bounty of the living earth—grain, fruits, and vegetables—lies beyond the grasp of those for whom the need is most cataclysmic. The Greeks had a concept which we would do well to understand, that of ἀβυσσὸς, since we are all familiar with it, I need not elaborate on its conclusive ramifications toward this particular human exigency.

Just as the snow falls in the cool North, a bead of sweat falls from the prematurely wrinkled brow of a child toiling in the South, straining under the influence of narcotics to turn out consumer products that she will never consume, paid less than is needed for her to eat prop-

erly, she is destined to celebrate nothing this year. She will, at best, become a poster child for one of the many Christian charity groups that prey on these helpless examples of the full force of Marx's theory of surplus value extraction.

At first, it seems that in the season of giving we give mostly to ourselves, and take from those who really need. What we are really doing, however, is taking from ourselves and from our future. As the millennium beckons, let us reflect on the evils of capitalism and consumerism, and rejoice in the hope that the Y2K bug will topple these siamese evils. Then, and only then, can we hope to build the crazy hippie communes that I envision, where we speak Greek and smoke vast quantities of pure, genetically-unmodified, pesticide-free dope.

I am a crazy fuckin' commie!



Don Cornelius

Yesterday, in response to yet another indignant outcry by starving students on the university campus, premier Calf Mine of the Smarty Party announced that he was on his way to the campus so

We must gather in force to eliminate our evil overlord slave masters! Only once the legislature lies in ruins can we gather for a ceremonial circle-jerk while we burn the finance minister at the stake!

that he could personally administer "the beats" to anyone who dared to cry out against his dictatorial regime. When I heard about our fearless leader's latest threat, I asked myself how much more of this ritualistic hazing we could endure from Mr Mine. Sooner or later, the secret inner Marxist in each one of our complacent souls would rise up and shave a hammer

and sickle in the premier's hair. I say that this time is now! We must gather in force to eliminate our evil overlord slave masters! Only once the legislature lies in ruins can we gather for a ceremonial circle-jerk while we burn the finance minister at the stake!

Now, without getting any further into the ideological ramifications of this drastic action, allow me to explain how we can bring about this brave new world. While I agree with much of what Spaz Bannu and other New Demosluts have to say about combating the government, I cannot accept that due process is an option in this province. It bothers me to think that we can bring about change without the use of violence. Therefore, we must employ a strategy of guile and deceit while we wait for a good opportunity to strike. The next time that premier Mine arrives on campus for an orgy of muggings and hazings, let us all bring out our fake Smarty Party cards so that he can be lulled into a false sense of security. Let no person identify him or herself as a New Demoslut.

We will certainly not reveal any Marxist tendencies.

Then, once he is happily guzzling liquor at a licensed campus establishment, let us seize him! We can strip him down, tie him to a chair and hang him from the rafters in one of our fine atriums. Once he has agreed to stop his regular attacks on the student population, he can be dumped into the river. Worry not! His ample supply of blubber will keep him afloat until his cronies pull him out downstream.

I think it is sick that you cowards—pardon me, students—have been sitting on your asses for so long while Mr Mine annihilates any chance we might have for getting through university without being mugged by government officials. So the next time that you see the premier administering the beats to one of your fellow students, ask yourself if it isn't totally ludicrous that the government is mugging and hazing students. After all, they could simply cut funding and force tuition raises and do exactly the same thing without paying a weekly gas bill for their petty-assault trips! Yes, brothers and sisters, we must start down the righteous path and get that rope ready for the premier's next campus visit. Then we can spend all day surfing for porn and drinking beer!

DAVE ALEXHANDHERTHEDISHES' TOP TEN

Fuckin' hilarious physics equations

- 10 Hahahahahahahahaha. Duh.
- 9 $a = (v_1 - v_2)/t!$
- 8 $f = (\eta \Delta v)/y$ —fuck, navy: ass!
- 7 $p = l/a$, obviously.
- 6 $p = mv$. Pee equals movement, or pool!
- 5 hilarity = χ/joke .
- 4 Not funny, sorry.
- 3 $\lambda' = \lambda - v_s T$: now that's funny.
- 2 $\Sigma \tau = 0$: ET phone home, eh, eh? Like, sexstraterrestrial!
- 1 $Q = (kA)(\Delta T)/L$: Holy shit that's funny.

I said I saw a bee!



Wheel Ofortune

I honestly believe that when I was a kid I wore shoes (or foot bags as I liked to call them because, as far as my eight year old mind knew, "shoes" were only these ingenious scooping-type devices employed by myself to eat "soup" [soup being rainwater mixed with gooseberries from my grandparents berry bush] and also for adding to sentences so that the brackets will never close). Anyways, as I was about to tell you (before I pointlessly interrupted my own random thoughts), one day I put a potato in my underwear and went to play with my friend in the ravine by my house (of course being the barely functional invalids that we were, we called it "a herd of trees"). We used to spend our summers in that good old ravine eating dirt, or sometimes leaves if we couldn't find any dirt. Many a time I wondered why they called them "leaves" if they didn't actually "leave" anywhere. I guess sometimes Mother Nature is just a stupid, fat old whore of woman.

This one time we were down there, throwing sticks at the ground and challenging it to fight back, when we found this guy sleeping without his head. Once we discovered that he wouldn't wake up, even after we peed on him, I sat on his chest and pretended he was sort of a rocket ship or a bus stop or a rocket ship bus stop and I was the captain. We called our sleeping homeless guy Uncle Stinky No-Head because he was stinky and he had no head.

After a while I felt bad for poor old Uncle Stinky No-Head, so I ran home and stole a jar of mayonnaise from the fridge so he could have a makeshift head and I could have

lunch. My stupid friend made a flag for our new friend and we stuck it in one of the gaping holes that peppered his chest. Uncle Stinky No-Head quickly became the best uncle, friend, and toy that a boy could wish for.

It was the greatest summer of the year until I went home from playing one day and my mom got mad at me because I had maggots in my hair and I "reeked like death." Yuck! Like any scared little boy, I shat my pants. I guess I was somewhat premature in my defecation because Mom said she wasn't mad, in fact she was happy that I hadn't been touching myself as much as usual.

The next day when I went to the woods, Uncle Stinky No-Head was

smelt kind of funny. Now that I'm older I realize that it was pee. If you think this is going somewhere, you're wrong. This is part of my schtick see? I whine about my childhood like a little baby, blindly clubbing my keyboard for three minutes and then I'm done. That's because I'm the big cheese around here. Yes sir, I'm the Editor-In-Chief. Big fucking hotshot. I can do anything I want. For instance:

Ω cup cooked rice
2 cups air popped popcorn
Π peas or apple or banana
Protein
4 oz chicken breast pre-cooked weight

What the hell was that? I don't know! Who cares! What are you going to do about it, bitch!? Write a letter! HAHAAAAHA!!!

It's just like that time, when I was two, when I beat the shit out of my sister with a cat. It was hilarious! Good thing my laughter drowned out her screams. Then I threw her into the sun.

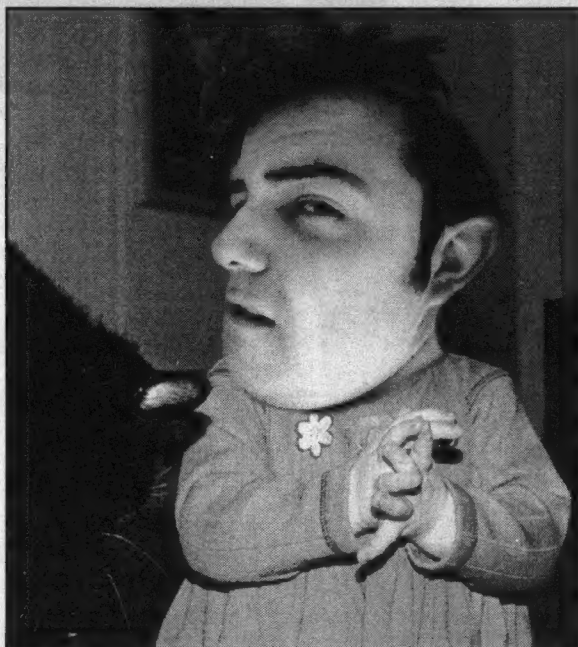
Maybe we should talk about privatization though, I mean this is the most respected paper in the world, so maybe we should get serious about our government. Ok. Ahem ... If Klein thinks he can keep ripping off the public, then he obviously didn't ... see me get in trouble in grade four for ripping the pants off my dad! Haha! It was right in front of the bank teller, too! You should've seen his face! All flustered, ya know, just like how grown-ups get flustered when you rip off their pants? Weee! But then he took away my piece of wood, which was my only toy at that time.

You see, we were very poor and sometimes there wasn't enough hay at night to keep warm. We Ozanos were a tough bunch. My mom, a Russian émigre peasant, had to walk 87 city blocks on two broken legs, and a hip crudely replaced by four blocks of Leggo, to fetch us water. My dad worked in the sulfur mines most of the time so I didn't see him much. He only had one pair of pants. My sisters, demonic trolls that made my life hell, where regularly beat with cats. We also ate cats, but that's another story altogether.

gone, and I thought, "I guess my stupid favorite Uncle found some new friends, probably in the circus." All that he left behind was a bunch of yellow police tape that didn't taste very good.

So you might be asking yourself what the point my story is. Do I hate Uncle Stinky No-head? Is the corrupt Students' Union responsible for my high tuition? Can I work a toaster? Well for starters, every time I drink varnish and pass out in a ravine, I imagine good old Uncle Stinky No-Head is watching over me. I also dream about being made out of hotdogs because then I'd eat myself, but that's another story altogether.

Like when was six years old, when I discovered that those big rubber tires in the playground



Look who's three! And the birthday boy sees a cat!

Neal's mom

The metric system hurts everybody

Yeah ... me equals cool. Yeah, what do you think of that? Stupid Geers, we threw shit at ya! never have. Oh yeah, Aggie's rule! ever forget that, ya hear? And I jeremy, it's bollocks! Don't you used to say, "If you don't like it, Grampa back in Toronto always don't have a valid argument. My But I digress, mostly because I loudly!

All I know is I'm saying it really what the Christ I'm talking about! confused individual! I don't know Well, yeah, but I'm an incredibly valid form of measurement!" doesn't recognize the cubit as a jeremy! The Imperial System you're probably saying, "Hey but whatever, it's bollocks! Now Except when his son was crucified, with God! He wins all the time!

any day! You can measure anything in acres, like, uh ... a hotdog for instance! If you include the bun, it's 1/86th of an acre! I mean, how hard is that? Why is everyone retarded except me? Why am I cursed with my vast knowledge? I mean, come on people! Was there a problem with the "cubit"? Or the "hand," or the "stone"? Fuck no. I'm a genius, and I know for a fact that meters are a ridiculous unit with which to measure length or height. And the kilo-gram: nothing more than a lazy man's pound. A kilo equals 2.1 pounds. Are you just too sleepy to count that high? Huh, European, are ya? God commanded Noah to measure the Ark in cubits. It's a holy measurement, people! Don't argue

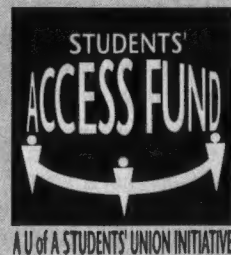
God old down-home country acre liter" and what have you. Give me a their "kilometer" and their "milli-anyways? Friggin' Europeans with "base 10" system of measurement pid. I mean, who's ever heard of a to tell ya: no fuckin way! It's stu-simple, but jeremy Shragge's here system is. Everyone thinks it's so Bollocks. That's what the metric

Germey Raggie



Through generous student contributions, the Access Fund has assisted 31 students in need this term. Bursaries granted totaled \$33,280.

On behalf of your fellow students in need, the Access Fund wishes to thank all students who supported this program.



A U of A STUDENTS' UNION INITIATIVE

\$109 / year⁺ GST
UNLIMITED
INTERNET ACCESS

Academic Price Includes :

- * unlimited time
- * 56k v.90 connections
- * NO setup fee
- * 2 e-mail accounts
- * 20 MB webpage storage
- * FREE tech support
- ** 4 years in business **

EDMONTON on-line

<http://www.col.ca>

(780) 444 - FREE

available at



authorized
dealers

New Bears volleyball uniforms raise furor

Self-esteem no excuse for "indecent" uniforms

Kopy King
SPURTS STAFF

The Golden Bears volleyball team arrived late for the emergency press conference held in the Butterdome and they inadvertently caused a flurry of criticism and controversy that ruined their day and their new-found image.

What should have been a highlight in their young careers was tarnished by negative media coverage for the Bears.

Local media added insult to injury by drawing attention to the team's tight-fitting body suits with cries of indecency.

Team members, who felt comfortable in their game attire, were totally unprepared for such a strong reaction.

"It's a coincidence that we were the only team to get [one-piece]

suits," commented head coach Harry Dunluck.

Dunluck went on to explain that it was not a conscious decision on their part to have the suits fit as they did. When their uniforms were being fitted in the Main Gym, the team was away on a drinking spree.

"[The local media] were looking for a spectacle, not a sport," commented the disappointed coach. "The coverage was out of proportion."

Players commented that their suits were comfortable while they were playing. The only uncomfortable aspect of the uniforms was the reaction received by the media.

"Reporters are too conservative," claimed player Nate Bennett. "If we were anywhere else [where people don't watch], this wouldn't even be an issue."

Unfortunately, unflattering cov-

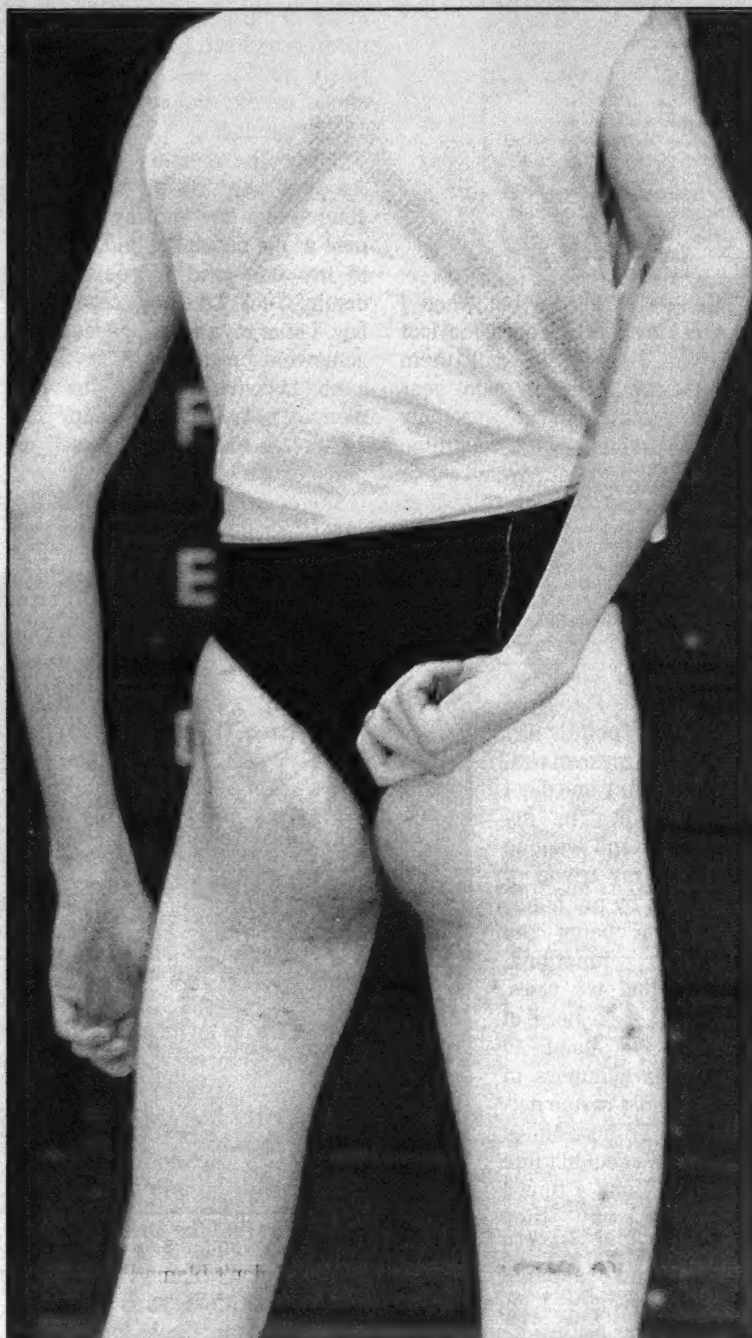
erage has had a detrimental effect on the team's morale.

"We tried not to think about it," Bennett pointed out. "It made us feel ashamed to play ... we became self-conscious [with our balls always poking out of the uniform] and were too worried to concentrate on the game."

But Nads Laysome, the profiled uniform model at the press conference, was happy about the changes.

"It'll attract crowds and so long as the media remains unbiased, it'll all be fine."

But media coverage isn't unbiased and so far, these displays are disgusting and only display the crumbling state of University Athletics. Maybe they should take the first solution that comes to mind: hire a GM for \$55 000 a year. Always a popular solution for an unpopular problem.



The new Bears volleyball uniforms. Sexual appeal?

Quickshot / THE GETAWAY

"Gaying up Guba" program is STUPID

Seven Caramaggio
SPURTS STAFF

In what some are calling a stunning move, University Athletics is planning to bring its mascots into the Twentieth Century.

"We are trying to mold the grand old bear into a new image, which is undeniably ... homoerotic," announced the loud and proud director of Athletics Monday.

The process, dubbed "the gaying up of Guba", will involve changing

the mascots' traditional Bears jersey into more of a tight-fitting gold lamme number with a green fringe.

Also the between-play music will require some changes.

"At stoppages we'll be playing more Cher and less Trooper. I mean why 'Raise a little hell' when you can 'Believe'," said Reed to a stunned silent press conference.

"I don't think he should be gay," said Mike Gronsky, a cabbage-eating setter with the men's basketball team, adding "not that there's

anything wrong with that."

Some campus sports fans have been left with their heads spinning much more than usual, citing the already predominant "questionable" sexual free agency of women's athletic mascot "Patches."

"Oh yeah, that stupid Panda," responded Reed. "Well, the idea behind her was just retarded from the get-go."

Reed has recommended that new Guba and Patches GMs be formed as a universal solution.

Not since mighty mites: Bares versus moms



More unorthodox practice with the Bares hockey squad. What's next?

Snappy / THE GETAWAY

Beef Lovestick
SPURTS STAFF

In an unscheduled surprise, Bares hockey coach Bill Lofarge announced last Friday that his team would be playing an exhibition game against their mothers. Lofarge cited that the intent of the game was to get the team to rediscover their hockey roots, and pos-

sibly to dredge up a sense of nostalgia. The friendly game was marred when the match got out of hand, and is best described in one word: fiasco.

"The first time I played against him he was six ... the little bastard slashed me in that game and I haven't forgotten," said one mother, who wished to remain anonymous. One thing was for certain:

the mothers had been waiting for an opportunity like this, never guessing it would emerge on the stage from which their anger had stemmed. Years of travelling to small, "no-name" towns and arenas that were colder than the -35°C weather outside, foul-mouthed kids and the stench of hockey equipment; all of their anger would manifest itself into this grudge-

match game.

"I devoted my weekends," added another mother, "to a sport I don't even particularly like. You let those boys know they have a fight comin', and it's comin' today!"

If the Bares thought the game would turn out to be a glorified game of shinny, they were wrong. As veterans of hundreds, even thousands, of games and practices, the Moms had extensive knowledge of the game. The Moms, also known as the Medusas, played the "neutral zone trap" and the lax-adazical Gears couldn't get past the blue line. What the Moms lacked in skill they made up for in effort and intimidation. Between periods, Rudy Grimenko was found pacing outside the dressing room.

"I heard those crazy ladies are sharpening up the visors on their helmets. What the f—k is that. This was just for fun. I haven't seen that look in my mom's eye since she last hunted me down with a spoon from the kitchen."

"We're not joking here," said one mom. "If someone hits me, I'll give him the lumber."

Sensing the most devastating loss of his career, coach Lafarge instructed Randy West to "take out the goalie."

"But that's my mom in goal!" was his response.

Instead, Dave Shewbacca let the coach know he could be counted on, and took the next opportunity

to carry out the instructions. It was unclear as to which team left the bench first, but regardless, an all-out brawl ensued.

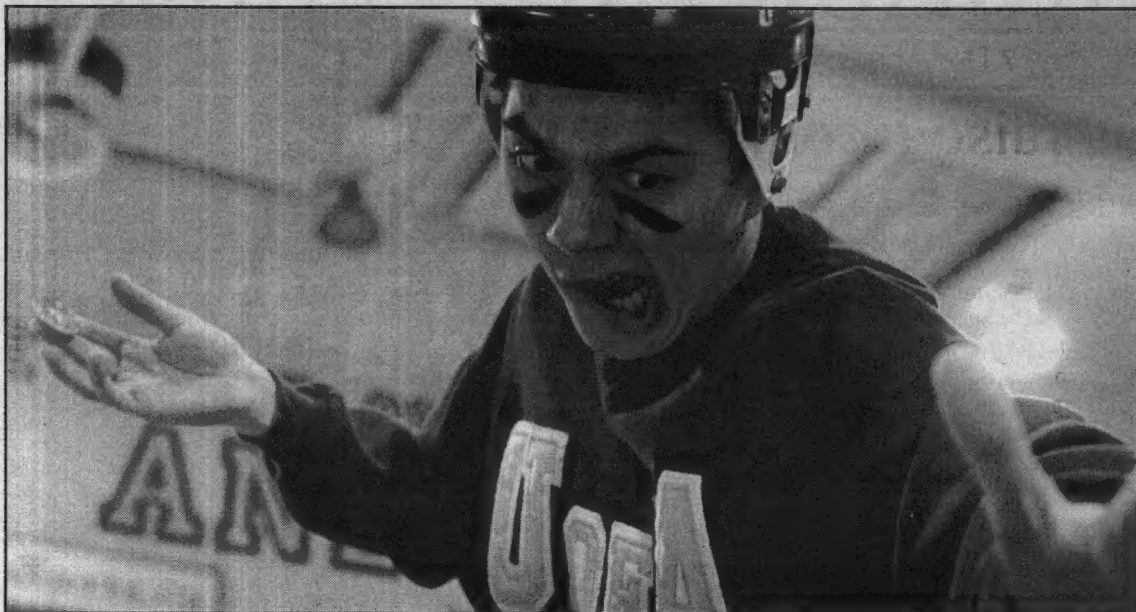
Many of the Medusas squad held their own. One of the Moms managed to fight three separate veteran Bares. The anticipated bout between the heavyweights Gerald Swalls and his mother Gertrude, did not disappoint. The fight lasted an entire two minutes, and 108 punches were thrown. Eventually the rink attendants came out onto the ice to break the two apart. Then the officials ordered that the lights be turned off so that they could separate the two teams.

Any hard feelings were left on the ice, as the teams reconciled during the post-game press conference. Pete North commented, "I gawd my node brode tonight—but ib my mobber feeld bedder, thad all dat madder."

Coach Lofarge had this to say, "this exercise had absolutely no point to it, it's the best way for me to keep the team on their toes. My job is likely at risk after this, but at least I got a few of the ladies' phone numbers."

All in all, no man or woman was hurt badly. The Medusas' pent up anger was channeled out on the ice, and the beer was on the Bares all night long, and well into the next afternoon. Director Reed will hire a GM to ensure these games don't get out of hand in the future.

FEATURED ATHLETE



Name: Billy R. Mason
Nicknames: Big Willy, Bill, Will, Calvin
Sport: POG
Year: Probably 3
Position: <no intelligible response. Much giggling>
Hometown: Vilna AB, home of the world's largest mushroom
Height: 5 feet, 9 inches. "But all you need to know is the nine inches. Ooh, baby".
Favorite food: Anything not containing the letter "p".
Favorite movie: Drew Barrymore's *Ever After*
Favorite musician: Anything by Billy Ocean. Especially "Get Out of My Dreams, Get into My Car."
Recent accomplishments: Overcame troublesome incontinence problem at age eight
 Honorary mention, grade six spelling bee
 Once ate two 14" pizzas without throwing up
 Was founding member of LFO; kicked out for lack of "street cr

Snapshot / THE GETAWAY



Billy R. Mason's in the house

Takes on challenging task of University-level POG



Saddam Houstein
SPORTS STAFF

As Captain and sole member of the Perversity of Alberta POG™ team, Billy Mason has a dream: to bring POG™ out of the seedy clubs and dark basements and back into the accepted world of athletics. One of Canada's finest young athletes, he is the great hope for Canada's showing at the next Olympic Games. But for Billy, the thought of Olympic Gold pales in comparison to that of bringing the game he loves back to the limelight it deserves.

Once one of the biggest crowd-pleasers in competitive athletics, POG™ has, in recent years, been relegated to the graveyard of sport, following the collapse of the WPF® (World POG™ Foundation®). Unaccepted by the main stream, aficionados would spend thousands attending underground arenas where gritty and often brutal pogging took place, often with tragic consequences. Consequences that are all too familiar for a man for whom tragedy has landed face up as many times as his lucky Darkwing Duck™ slammer.

"My brother Timmy took a Spiderman™ slammer in the neck last year. Sliced his carotid artery like a stick of butter. He died screaming in my arms," says Billy. His firm brow creases as his thoughts turn momentarily inward, sending shadows dancing across

his finely etched cheekbones. Then, as suddenly as it came, the hard look vanishes as he looks up. "But I don't blame POG™. It's a hard game. You have to be prepared to sacrifice the body. Those little cardboard disks don't flip themselves, you know." He pauses a moment in reflection.

Yeah, Billy reminds me of my young self ... nowadays. We were young and foolhardy and about to enter a world of hurt. But young Billy, he's got a way about him, he makes them disks dance like the bejesus, he does. I don't know if POG™ will ever be what it once was, but there ain't nobody gonna bring it back better'n Billy.

— Phil Yates, head coach,
P of A POG™ team

"I remember when my dad used to take me, all the greats used to play back then. They didn't use poly-alloy slammers in those days. Of course, we've wimped out a little now," he laughs, tossing his mane of golden hair. "We used to watch the games on TV as a family every Sunday after supper. That is, until Timmy's accident."

His coach, Phil Yates, was one of those greats. He was undefeated for three years, culminating in his legendary battle with Japanese champion Yakana Kinoshita. Today, the Sailor Moon™ POG™ imbedded in his spleen serves as a grim reminder of his victory. He knows it will cause a slow and lingering death. But for now, he

cheers on his young protégé.

"Yeah, Billy reminds me of my young self. 'Cept he got a whole lot more nowadays. We were young and foolhardy and about to enter a world of hurt. But young Billy, he's got a way about him, he makes them disks dance like the bejesus, he does. I don't know if POG™ will ever be what it once was, but there ain't nobody gonna bring it back better'n Billy."

Child-hood friend Brett Oakland adds:

"Billy's the kinda guy who's always on top. Just when you think he can't win, you look and you see that firm (yet supple) physique writhing and twisting like a panther, and you think, 'Hey, he did it.' That's what Billy's like. I think Billy's a really beautiful person."

So although Billy is all too familiar with the risks, he believes there are bigger things at stake:

"I want to play, I don't care what anyone says. If something happens, then all I know is that I'll see Timmy again. You can tell my kids I died doing what I love best," he smiles.

"People have to realise that, yeah, it can get pretty messy, but it's about the mind, man. They have to see that it isn't just about brute strength. It's about strategy and team spirit. And with our undefeated season this year, I think the staff and students here at the U will really get behind us this season." With his friends and fans behind him, who knows, maybe Billy's dream will come true.

With the increased demand for POG™ activities on campus, Athletics Director Reed has recommended that a new POG™ General Manager be hired to deal with the new problem.

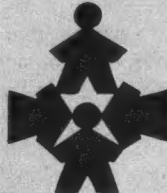
"It's probably the best \$55 000 we've ever spent," said the director at a recent press conference.

STUDENT LEGAL SERVICES OF EDMONTON

Services include:

Assistance in Provincial Court and before tribunals with regard to:

- Summary Conviction Criminal Offences
- Debt Collection Agencies
- Landlord and Tenant Disputes
- Student Finance Appeals
- Employment/Wrongful Dismissal
- Student Appeals
- Driving Offences
- Speak to Sentence
- Trials
- And More!!



A free service provided to U of A students
by U of A Law students.

Located on Campus at
Emily Murphy House.

For more information call 492-2226



UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY

STUDY IN DEVELOPMENTAL BIOLOGY

Applications are invited for graduate and postgraduate study in Developmental Biology in the newly established Genes & Development Research Group. The ten laboratories form an interactive group employing a wide variety of model systems to address fundamental questions concerning embryogenesis, differentiation and nervous system growth and plasticity. Qualified applicants can receive stipends from the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research or from individual investigator's operating grants. Calgary is a vibrant, multicultural city (population ~850,000) located close to Banff National Park and the Rocky Mountains.

- William Brook: Pattern formation in *Drosophila* limbs
- Leon Browder: Application of transgenesis to study *Xenopus* development
- Kostas Iatrou: Insect oogenesis
- Richard Hawkes: Patterning of the mammalian cerebellum
- Cairine Logan: Pattern formation and ontogeny of the chick CNS
- Paul Mains: *C. elegans* embryonic genetic networks
- Sarah McFarlane: Development and connectivity of the *Xenopus* retina
- James McGhee: Development of the *C. elegans* digestive tract
- Gilbert Schultz: Molecular biology of mammalian implantation
- Samuel Weiss: Neural stem cells in brain development and repair

For more information, please view our Web site (www.ucalgary.ca/gdrg) and contact individual investigators, listed above, or the graduate coordinator, Dr. Paul Mains (mains@ucalgary.ca).

The University of Calgary is a contemporary university that builds a spirit of discovery and inquiry while delivering a dynamic life and quality learning experience.

www.ucalgary.ca

SUBtitles
cheque
pickup

Did you consign
textbooks, cassettes
or CDs? If so,
SUBtitles will have
cheques available
for pickup starting:

DECEMBER 15



Athletics prostitution ring exposed



Even the soccer teams had their hands in on the affair.

Depthroat / THE GETAWAY

Brin Woodward

SPORTS STAFF

After seeing an ad for the Adopt-an-Athlete Program in the Three Lines for A Toonie section of *The Getaway*, Mike Hamilton thought he was legitimately supporting his favourite U of A team. It turns out that he got a lot more than he was expecting.

Hamilton contacted Pandas volleyball coach Limb Saws to inquire about sponsoring second-year middle Patricia Puckmaster, an athlete he'd known from one of his classes. When he was told the price tag, he was somewhat skeptical.

"The suggested minimum was \$200. It costs that much to sponsor an athlete? I was expecting to pay up to \$40. I had my doubts," Hamilton recalled.

Nevertheless, Hamilton pledged the necessary cash and was immediately informed of a "party" for all supporters to be held that evening. It was there that Hamilton learned the reasoning behind the large fee.

"There wasn't a party—it was just her and I, and she was wearing nothing but her kneepads. I guess that's why I had to pay \$200. Rather than getting a Puckmaster, I got a F—master," Hamilton explained.

The same situation happened to Jennifer Smith. After seeing the

same ad, Smith decided to sponsor first-year Bears Hockey defence-man Don Connolly, despite having to fork over \$350. Assistant coach Ernie Thurton was acceptant of the donation, but only after some unusual questioning.

"He asked me all these weird questions like if I was from the cops, or the CIAU-stuff like that," Smith commented. "After meeting Don though, I realized what all the fuss was about. I thought I was adopting an athlete, not a penis."

Teams with more success ... tend to command higher 'donations.'

— Inside source, Campus Athletics

Funds raised via the Adopt-an-Athlete program are utilized in a number of fashions, including the "purchase of uniforms," as well as towards "equipment." Prices range anywhere from \$50 for a Bears Soccer player to as high as \$500 for a Bears Basketball team member.

Although both Saws and Thurton declined to comment on these incidents or the nature and purpose of the program, an anonymous source explained the discrepancy between suggested prices.

"The differences are tied to overall performance. Teams with more success, as well as public popularity, tend to command higher 'dona-

tions."

Another source from the Bears wrestling team had a different perspective, though.

There wasn't a party—it was just her and I, and she was wearing nothing but her kneepads.

— Mike Hamilton, confused 'donor'

"The basketball team is charging \$500? We bust our humps night-in and night-out and we only get \$100? Those egotistical bastards!"

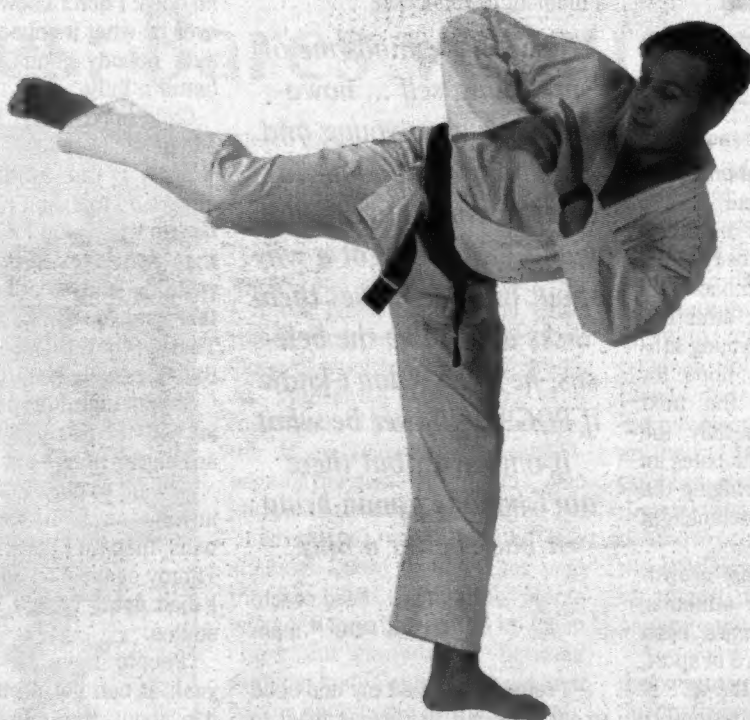
U of A athletics is currently under investigation for seven different violations involving sports indecency over the past two years and could face a full suspension of activities for up to 10 years.

Many though don't see what all the upheaval is about. Since its reincarnation two years ago, the Adopt-an-Athlete program has doubled fan base and tripled revenues. It has also brought forth some prominent "donors", such as Lynda Steele of FTV, Ryan Smyth of the Edmonton Oilers, Cher, and even Mick Jagger.

"I just recently adopted three field hockey players. Those skirts they wear can really turn on an old fart like me," Jagger commented.

Athletics Director Reed has recommended that a new GM be hired to deal with these issues.

Kick Exam Butt



In the match between exams and you, you'll be the one left standing.

All of us at ADC would like to wish you good luck in your upcoming exams.

Our Recruiting Teams will be on site in January 2000. Looking forward to seeing you.



**A TRADITION
OF EXCELLENCE**



**PLAYER'S
RACING**

FOLLOW THE TEAM: WWW.PLAYERS-RACING.COM

WE LOVE THE BACKSTREET BOYS

THE GETAWAY

Tuesday, 7 December, 1999

things.that.go.in.a.newspaper@fu.palberta.ca

So fucking punk rawk

The Offspring (RIP)
With The Vandals, Tom Jones, and
Jughead's Revenge
Some Shithole at Northlands
4 December

Cleft Moyst
MAdam Wiseass
CHUCK & DEBORAH STAFF

In December of 1999, two student reviewers disappeared in the urban sprawl by the Northlands Agricom while on a mission to find punk rock. 3 days later, their pants were found. Ok, fuck this cheesy intro, it's just not punk enough. Bottom line is that Adam and I are punk as fuck, and we went to see the Offspring to show everyone there how we're so much cooler than them. After standing in line for half an hour sneering at all the little thirteen year-olds who were so not punk, we got into the arena to discover we had missed Jughead's Revenge. This was also not very punk. In a fit of blind punk rock rage, Adam went berserk and started tossing security staff left and right, with no concern for the crowd of Power-92 fans or their designer jeans. It was at this point that I screamed like a little girl and hopped the railing, thus becoming separated from my brother-in-arms. This is the story (disregarding the goat fellatio incident) of what was to become our separate fates that evening...

Adam: Let me give you some background information. I am punk. I've been punk since the whole punk thing started in 1994. I'll probably be punk until it dies out, or becomes unfashionable. Punk rock, thy name is Adam. Any doubts that I had towards my punk-rockness were surely cleared up on Saturday night. When we picked up our tickets, we were shocked to see that we weren't on the floor...We also missed uberpunks, Jughead's Revenge. It was at this point I decided to go nutso-



Kiss! Yeah!

fuckbot meijzz / THE GETAWAY

smasho. I was horrified to find out that during the little "episode" my sherpa guide, Geoff, had bolted like a bitch.

My first idea for getting past the gate guy was shot down when I discovered my assigned seat was bolted to the floor, and the concession didn't sell honey, or frozen pickles. After demanding to know what kind of concession stand didn't sell honey, and promising a visit from my member of parliament, I decided that a head long rush down the stairs, into a rolling dive over the railing, and followed by a frenzied sprint into the crowd, was the next best thing.

When I woke up, I was partially hidden by some tarps and shit. I couldn't remember my name. My ass hurt like the dickens, and I had a tattoo. Tattoos and scars are like punk rock currency, so I wasn't too concerned, but I still want to know what happened to my ass. Anyway, The Vandals came on shortly after I woke up, and they were really punk. For those of you that aren't "in the know," the Vandals are a cover band from Scotland that have been around for like five years, and

their experience really shows. They only played 3 songs, but they were really punk, and most of the audience left when they were done.

Ten minutes later, The Offspring came on and played a few hits from both of their albums. They were about 45 seconds into a brand new song called "Hey Walla Walla," when the guitar guy from The Vandals burst onto the stage with a crowbar, taking out most of the band as he screamed "that's my fucking song, you no-talent fuck-mongers!" He was quickly subdued, breaking away once to get a few more shots in on the singer, but the snipers got him. Pretty punk, but the bassist was the only surviving member, so the show was pretty much over.

Overall, this show wasn't looking to be very punk, but thanks to the Vandals, my tattoo, and the timely deaths of the epitome of anti-punk, The Offspring, this ended being one of the most punk rock things I've ever seen. It also helped to reinforce my personal belief that I'm really, really, punk. Hopefully they find Geoff soon... Maybe he knows

where my pants are... And what happened to my ass.

Geoff: Jumping that railing was one of the most punk rock things I've done recently. Fuck, I'm cool. Anyway, after checking my pocket mirror to make sure all my carefully gelled spikes were still in place, I decided to stand around and look bad-ass for a few minutes and smoke a cigarette. Yeah, cancer ... fuck the system! This is when The Vandals took the stage. At this point, I was wondering where the hell Adam went, because I'm pretty sure we were the only ones there who know how punk the Vandals really are. Hailing from East Timor (I think), these guys played some snotty tunes, bashed Edmonton, showed us their asses, and got the fuck out. Is that punk, or what?

I don't know what happened next, but apparently it involved a goat, a canoe paddle, and a whole lot of acid. In any case, when I woke up The Offspring were playing. I was so high I couldn't see, but I'm pretty sure they still sucked. I mean, there were whole families there hugging and dancing to their shit. If that's what passes for 'punk' nowadays, then I might as well just go to church and slamdance at Sunday mass or something. I think they played that song they ripped off of Bad Religion, and then the one they stole from Minor Threat. Once the hallucinations started to kick in, the show got a lot better, and I was left with two thoughts: "I wish this was a KISS concert" and "where the fuck are my pants?" Of course, no dosage of any drug could've possibly made this show punk, so I was pretty relieved when some lunatic rushed the stage and bludgeoned the band to death with a crowbar.

Anyway, even though I'm still high and have hoof marks all over my ass, I managed to escape the show with my punkness intact. In conclusion, I hate The Offspring, I hate everyone who was at the show, and I hate the establishment for oppressing me. I'm just glad my mom gave me a ride home after the show.

Takin' it to the Hilt showcases young star

WE LOVE PORN

Takin' it to the Hilt
Go Deep Productions

Lame Elfman
WET & NASTY STAFF

"I have never seen cum used so creatively on the screen," raved Vern Yankalot, local film critic and generally filthy bastard. Yankalot was referring to the new film out by talented film director Yuri Wakemoff. *Takin' it to the Hilt* has scored big with crit-

ics at small festivals around the nation, leading to a distribution deal with Wet Spot films.

Takin' it to the Hilt is described by Wakemoff as a morality tale, with strong influences of the German *Kammerspiel* and Soviet Montage movements. The story, from famed adult film writer IB Nasty, involves, a young woman named Cherry and her sexual development as she moves from the loving monogamy of her marriage through empty sexual liaison to sexual liaison until the climactic orgy scene at the end.

The young Jillian Jiggs shows her acting skill, ably showing the internal conflict her character feels during her liaisons with sim-

ply a loud moan.

The greatest credit to the film still lies with Wakemoff and his ability to seamlessly blend his influences into cinematic gold. In one scene, he creates a dialectic between Candy's ass and the Paperboy's balls that points to the empty nature of their sex that would make Sergie Eisenstien proud. However, the crowning jewel still has to be the end orgy scene where Wakemoff creates amazing *mise-en-scene*, contrasting the increasing physical intimacy and lust with the loss of emotional intimacy through the use of deep focus. The editing in this film is a testament to Wakemoff's skill (he does his own) as the visual deluge of visceral images can only be called orgasmic.

The only glaring problem in this movie was the casting of Long Dong Silver as the pool boy whose extra-sized equipment starts Jiggs on her journey of carnal delights. Although he is one of the few performers who could be physically up to the challenge of the role, his acting leaves something to be desired. Wakemoff addresses this insisting that the use of a stunt cock would have forced him to make artistic concessions he could not afford. However, Silver is more than made up for by the performances of Jiggs and one Chesty LaRue.

Chesty stars as the confused she-male whose duality in nature, both sexually and morally, leads to the young Cherry's undoing. Accented by Wakemoff's effective use of lighting, LaRue gives an amazing performance. Watch out, Oscars!

CD REVIEW

Metallica
S&M

Randy Metalhead Musterburger

BLAZE & BUTTERFLY STAFF

Holy fuckin' fuck, what could be better than finding a bunch of *Hustlers* in a dumpster? How about the new fuckin' Metallica album? My buddy Todd and I camped out all night outside the North-end Zellers to get the new album. It was cool because Todd drank a Big Bear and passed out, so I smoked all his weed and told him he lost it.

Anyways, we got the new disc and slapped the fucker on in Todd's basement. I was ready for it to kick some ass because "S&M" stands for "Sex and Masturbating" (fuckin'-A). Something went wrong though, because when we played it, the first sound I heard wasn't guitars. I turned to Todd and was all like "What the fuck? Where's the Duh, Nuh-Nuh-Nuh, Duh-Nuh-Nuh-Nuh-Nuh, Na-Na?" Instead I was hearing all these fairy noises like violins and horns. I nearly shit my acid wash. I thought we accidentally bought Mozart or some shit, but Todd said that the new album was done with a symphony like a rock opera or something. I don't think the words "rock" and "opera" should ever go together. I sorta freaked out 'cause I knew this couldn't be the Unholy Masters of Metal. It must just be the drugs, so I decided to lay off the pot for the day. Instead me and Todd got high on Nutmeg and spent the afternoon listening to Kill 'Em All. Todd still says he likes the new album. Now I know he's a total fag.



More shitty movies in 2000

Shelbubonic-Plague Siskel
Jiff "Not Dead Yet" Ebert

GETAWAY LAMENTS

2002, May 19th - Star Wars, Episode 2, The Wrath of Obi-Wan:

Episode 2 is very similar to *Empire* from the original trilogy. Here is what we have been able to deduce from random information about the film: The movie is based 10 years after *Episode 1*, which means Obi-Wan has insanely tried to teach Anakin the force in this time. Senator Palpatine, is much closer to his goal of taking over the Senate. He convinces the Senate that the evil WTO are allies and must destroy the underdog Jedi from the planet Seattle.

This movie is also suppose to provide less action and much more "love story" between Anakin and Amidala. Apparently Queen Amidala loses her thrown to her loyal bodyguard and is forced to hit the streets to make a living. She ends up working in a night club as an exotic dancer (aka-stripper). At this time, Anakin has completed his first and second lessons of the force which are "do not talk about fight club" and "do not talk about fight club." After his lessons he heads back to Tatoine to visit his mother, only having to pit at Deep Space Nine on the way to repair his ship. While walking through the space station he notices a poster for a stripper named Queen Shaniqua of Naboo. Recognizing that to be Amidala he sneaks into Vic's hologram suite to take a peak and even gets a chance to slip a couple bucks to his Queen. After that they make sweet love-and hence, Luke is born.

Boba Fett also plays a big role in this episode. With an attempt to bring the film to the 2000s, Boba Fett becomes a top executive of Tatoine's largest sweat lodge/bath house and uses it as a front for his Pokémon card cartel. He truly is the king of sneaky.

Being Rod Fraser

Hot on the heels of the success of *Being John Malkovich* comes a new journey into the head of some boring and arguably famous guy: Perversity of Alberta President Rod Fraser. This offbeat movie tells the story of two greasy and hopeless engineering co-op students who find a passage into Fraser's head via his ass, and exploit the discovery by selling tickets that nobody in their right mind would buy. Watch the zanyness unfold as we get a firsthand view of Fraser making bone-headed decisions and taking off to Mexico on student tuition money!

Citizen Ron

A touching and poignant look back on the simultaneously momentous and tragic life of porn legend Ron Jeremy. Audiences will laugh, cry, and become shamefully aroused as Jeremy rules the world with his throbbing, meaty cock, but secretly lusts for his lost childhood. Fun for the whole family.

Three Queens

Follow the heart-pounding drag queen adventures of George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg and Ice Cube as they complain and bitch-slap their way through Gulf War-era Iraq to rescue an imprisoned Barbara Streissand. Clooney and Wahlberg have never looked prettier, and Ice Cube, true to character, makes everyone his bitch.

007: The R&B World is not Enough Starring Usher Raymond Directed by Spike Lee

One of the hottest new movie releases after the millennium comes and makes us all its bitch is sure to be the next installment in the famous James Bond series. Don't expect to see your regular old Pierce Brosnan, vodka martini, suave shoot 'em up, however. This time, the Bond creators have something else in mind. After parlaying his largely for-

gettable and unsuccessful singing career into an equally forgettable and unsuccessful attempt at acting, hip-hop's bastard child Usher Raymond will slap that famous tuxedo on his skinny little bitch frame in the upcoming *The R&B World is not Enough*.

The addition of Raymond as well as director Spike Lee will, of course, mean some pretty radical changes for the Bond formula. First, 007's boss M will be replaced by white rap sensation Eminem, whose only (and repeated) line is reportedly "I ride with my shit off safety." Also, a freestylin' Flava Flav will take over for an aging Q, meaning that the flashy BMW will be replaced by a souped-up Impala with hydraulics and some big-ass cupholders for those 40-ouncers.

Fortunately for the more die-hard fans (probably the same fucking nerds who own all the *Star Trek* movies ... you people disgust me), the plot structure will basically remain the same. Agent 007 is pitted against an insanely rich megalomaniac with some elaborate scheme to take over the world, who he defeats against all odds while shamelessly humping an assortment of exotic women. This time, the evil antagonist is played by androgynous freak and washed-out pop star Michael Jackson. Jackson has apparently spent the last few years quietly assembling his "Poké-me-mon!" army of small children at Neverland Ranch, and with the help of henchmen like a resurrected Notorious BIG and Reform Party MLA Jack Ramsay, will attempt to finally unite the east and west coasts of hip-hop.

Usher, who realizes that this east-west schism is the only thing fueling rap record sales, must use his smooove R&B styles to stop this diabolical plan. He is helped by new Bond girl Queen Latifah, a casting move designed to replace the typical Bond supermodels with more authentic ghetto bitches. Of course, there's never just one woman, as Bond is simultaneously seduced by a superbly cast Elton John, who is also work-

ing for Jackson. Although Usher should probably give up the entertainment business altogether and just kill himself, he must be given credit for taking such a role. Faced with a choice between bedding down with Queen Latifah and Elton John, I think I'd choose working at McDonald's. If you like your Colt 45s "shaken, not stirred," then this movie is for you. This one gets one thumb right up my fat ass.

Other Coming Films

Other new films, being released in April, 2000, include *Ishtar: the Return*, in which Hoffman and Beatty are joined by Cuba Gooding JR. Again they hit the deserts of North Africa to discover the Un-Holy Grail. Sounds like a blast, guys. The Bob Dylan Project also hits theatres explaining the journey of three young music students who hit the forest in search of the screaming sounds of Dylan. With Dylan's voice, this truly will be a scary movie. As well, Schwarzenegger makes his sequel to *End of Days*, with *End of Mase*. In this film Arnold hunts down the evil ruler of the underworld, Mase, to destroy the useless rap music from his mouth.



NEW YEAR'S EVE
DECEMBER 31, 1999 - RATT
CREATIVE BLACK TIE
\$20 TICKET, AVAILABLE AT RATT DOORS - 8:00 PM
*CHAMPAGNE, FLOPS D'OUVRÉS, WEARABLES, NIGM WARDEN
NO MINORS RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMITTANCE TO INTOXICATED PERSONS

PALEEEZE

NO MORE DRAFT!!

(Thank God)

WE'VE GONE MAD!

NOW 75¢

HIBALLS ALL NITE!

THURSDAY STUDENT NIGHT

CLUB MALIBU

10310 - 85 AVE • 432-7300

Bob Layton bares all in sordid sex show

WE HATE THIS DORK

Layton Strip show
our house
every monday

Skanky Chan
Emma Hooker

SMITH & MACKENZIE STAFF

Cocks! Pussies! Giant Blow-up Dolls! No this isn't the symphony, just some of the things lesbians like to play with when they



have nothing better to do. As queens of lesbianism, it does get mundane knowing that the cunts we lick are always the same peppermint flavor. Luckily, God created shitty newspapers that have to sell ads for strippers. We decided it was time to try one of these strippers and see if this form of "entertainment" is worth its money.

Friday night's agenda included three brands of eastern European entertainment. A gay porn involving ten-year-olds from Poland, cow prods from Romania, and Ivan, the male stripper. Ivan couldn't show up, which was a huge disappointment, so we thought we'd end the night watching ITV. And there he was: with his oiled up hair, and pedophile-like glasses, Bob Layton made the house quiver with curiosity. The fascination turned into obsession when Bob started talking about how fine arts is going down the drain.

So, we kidnapped and drugged Bob, and made him strip for us. He disrobed to "I Touch Myself" by the Dyvinyls and our nipples began to tingle. The first dance unfolded with what is arguably Layton's most appealing feature, his ass pimples. The puss-like blemishes of Layton's definitely did a good job of satiating our perverse appetite.

The following minutes ranged from comic and jesting to horny to dramatically violent. Bob managed to portray twentieth century color, seen through agitated, yet playful moments. His sobbing also added some visceral attraction to the moment, if not lubrication. The addition of friends and abstract technique only added to this mood.

The evening's display was an excellent debut night, preparing Bob to many years of torture by to robo-dykes that like to fuck anything in sight. Lesbians can be confident in expecting a delectable dessert cart of performances by Bob to follow this year.

Breasts on display

TIT TLES!

Pamela Lee's Breasts
FAB Gallery
Extended run

Jon Dungbar

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT STAFF

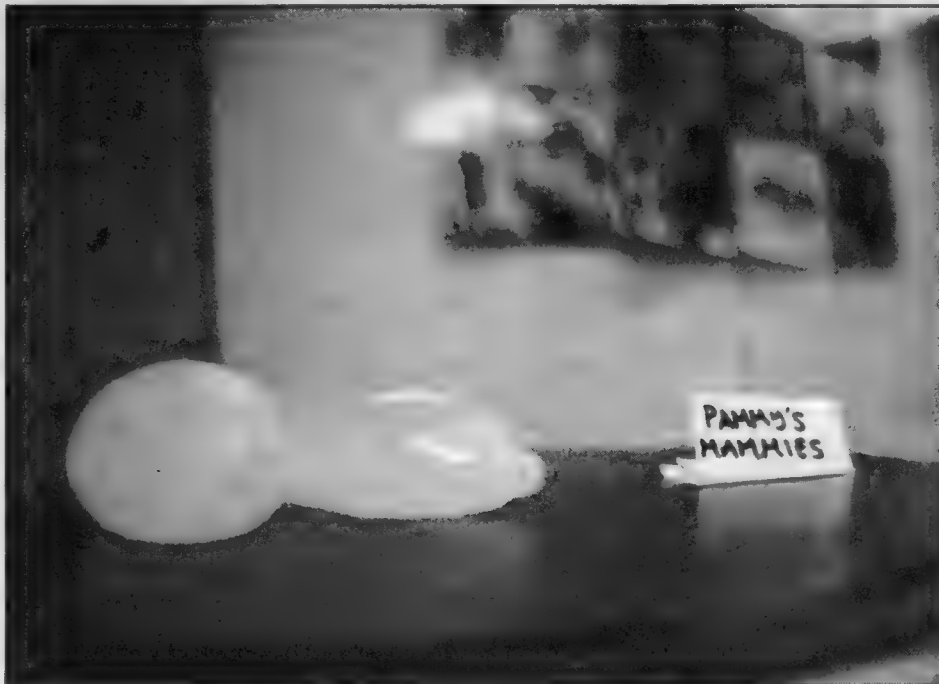
Pamela Lee's breasts have come to the University. The two silicone implants, which were removed from the TV star's breasts earlier this year, are on display in the Fine Arts Gallery.

Lee, a Canadian, was recently granted an honorary doctorate in Fine Arts by the University of Alberta. In return, she has donated both exhibits to the University.

Karen Lansing, who is responsible for the exhibit, has plans of her own for the implants. "I'm going to have Pamela Lee's tits," said the excited professor, who is a member of the Alberta Fine Arts Association and an avid "Baywatch" fan.

When the implants were removed from Pamela Lee, doctors discovered that one of the implants had sprung a leak. Since then, the leak has been repaired, but one of the implants is noticeably smaller than the other. "There will be a noticeable difference," says U of A hospital surgeon Lorne Houston, "but with Pamela Lee's breasts, what man would resist her?"

The silicone implants will be on display in the FAB Gallery until January 20th, 2000. Admission to the exhibit is \$2, or \$5 for those who want to touch the implants.



Wouldn't you like to get your hands on these babies? Pam's ex-implants can be fondled at FAB.

Dorkus McGorkus / THE CITYWAT



NEW YEAR'S EVE
DECEMBER 31, 1999 - RATT

CREATIVE BLACK TIE

500 TICKETS AVAILABLE AT 12:01 P.M. - 8:00 P.M.
CHAMPAGNE, HORS D'OEUVRES, MEMORABLES, NOISEMAKERS
AND MUCH MORE TO ENJOY AND CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR



The Empty Pocket

now offers gift certificates

1 for \$5

5 for \$22.50

10 for \$40

G S T i n c l u d e d

each certificate is good
for one hour of pool

For further information,
please come down to
The Empty Pocket.



CRAPPY CDS

Various Artists
Songs to Sell Your Soul By
Lived for Loot Records

Scott Hennig
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT CULT LEADER



Just in time for the holiday season, Satan has come out with another record destined to hit number one. This one is a compilation of the best artists that have sold their soul to the Devil. It is almost a year to the day since Satan released his last record "Songs to Burn a Cross to" (Christmas album). With the great success of that one, "Songs to Sell Your Soul By" is sure to be a hot ticket. As a huge fan of Satans past work, I understand the hard work that must have gone into making this album, with the great number of bands that have sold their souls for fame in the recent past. But the fine people at Lived for Loot Records have done a marvelous job in arranging such a great album. The first single from the new album (which also happens to be the most recent addition to Satans stable) is ex-punkers Blink 182, with "Whats My Age Again?" Other great hits on "Songs to Sell Your Soul to" include Everlast's fiery rendition of "What It's Like," which is a great track taken live from the main stage at this year's Woodstock. This ex-House of Pain member is one of my personal favorites to win most soulless at this years Grammys. Everlast's only major competitor will be the three-time most soulless award winner Will

Smith, who also appears with his new hit "Will 2K." Canadian (although he now lives in Britain and has a fake British accent) Bryan Adams makes the album with his unique version of "Canadian National Anthem (live from the 1999 NHL All-star Game)." Now mainstream punk group Green Day makes the album with "Time of Your Life." One of my personal favorites, and probably the shortest song on "Songs to Sell Your Soul By" is Run DMC with their latest hit "Gap Commercial." Overall, Satan has done an admirable job in compiling so many soulless artists on one CD. I was personally impressed with the addition of so many 1980s and early '90s washed-up artists to Satan's stable. I was disappointed that a few of my favorite sell-outs weren't included, but I guess you can't fit all the sell-outs on to one album. In conclusion, I do fear that the prince of darkness will forever bring damnation upon my soul, if I give this CD a bad review, so four out of five burning pitchforks.

RCMP Dance Band and Sextet
Some Pepper for Your Plate
CBC Recordings

Jon "Dances With Wolves"
Dunbar
BREAK & ENTER STAFF

The RCMP Dance Band and Sextet have put together a collection of jazz compositions, and it's got people dancing disobediently in the streets. With bouncing tunes like "Pepper 'N' Salt Shake" and "Disney Has His Way," this CD will give you a new perspective on Canadian music. Prime Minister Jean Chretien demonstrates his vocal stylings as he scats along with the sextet on "Vancouver Stomp." The only weak part of this CD is the final track, which contains what seems to be part of some sort of confidential CSIS recording. Overall, this CD is more Canadian than Stompin' Tom drinking gasoline in a Tim Horton's.

Beethoven
Duets
Gorp Records

Jon Dungbot
DEAF ON ONE SIDE STAFF

Well, they've finally fucked up. Following a line of posthumous CDs, Gorp Records has released a compilation of Beethoven's duets with modern artists. The new compositions, the liner notes explain, are the result of a computer project that took data from all previous Beethoven compositions and extrapolated what he would have sounded like if he had kept composing. To make matters worse, Beethoven's music is digitally accompanied by musicians such as Blondie, Sting, and Busta Rhymes. The digital remastering sounds kind of off, and on the duet with Lou Vega, "Opus No. 5," it's hard to believe they're playing the same song. The only compelling song is the duet with the also deceased Liberace, which features Beethoven's new composition "Overture for Lovers," and has Liberace popping out a jumpy version of "The Entertainer." Do not be fooled into believing this CD is a piece of music history, it's for hardcore Beethoven fans only.

I'm dreaming of a Wu Christmas
Wu-Tang Clan and Guests
Shitty records

Jerk Elfbot
GUNS & DRUGS STAFF

Guess what kids? The Wu-Tang clan has put out a Christmas album just in time for the holiday season. That's right! Now you can gather the family around the fire to hear the Wu's rendition of such heartwarming classics as "Silent Night, Deadly Night," "I saw yo, bitch with Santa punk," and of course "The little Gangsta, boy." ODB gets together with Puff Daddy and the now

dead(not that that has stopped him) Notorious BIG to appear as the father, son and holy ghost in the original song, "Don't fuck with the Trinity". Another personal fave is the Method Man original "Ho Ho Ho: A pimps tale" featuring Redman. As it says on the inside cover, "Bring the holiday cheer home with this sure to be a classic album from Wu and friends. Mother fucker."

Various Artists
Run Rod Run
Two-prong Rod Records

Terra Bull
Adam Wiseass
TUNES & DICKS STAFF



Drugs, sex, cigars and more midgets than you can fit in a Pinto! All of these elements creep their way into this suckalicious excuse for a soundtrack. This CD sucks more than yo mama. It is full of the kinda shit that will make a man run around screaming, "Why God, why didn't you just make me a cow-boy!" As he does his lil' dance that makes the cats go "meow." Speaking of the cat's ass, Rod does a duet with Cypress Hill singing "running into th' arms of sum sweet young thing." In a move that will have you seriously wondering about grown men and the true meaning of the word guacamole. Rita McNeil also backs up Rod on the heart-felt love ballad "You gotta get up to go down" But the highlight of the suck must go to Rod and Squeal Ozano rapping "Mama said nok u up" T&A give it the old two bums up!

Think **DQ** **Dairy Queen** Think **PLUS**

December Sales Events

1 \$1.99 Double Cheeseburger
(Offer ends December 15/99)

2 \$2.99 16 oz. Blizzard
(Flavour of the month: OREO)

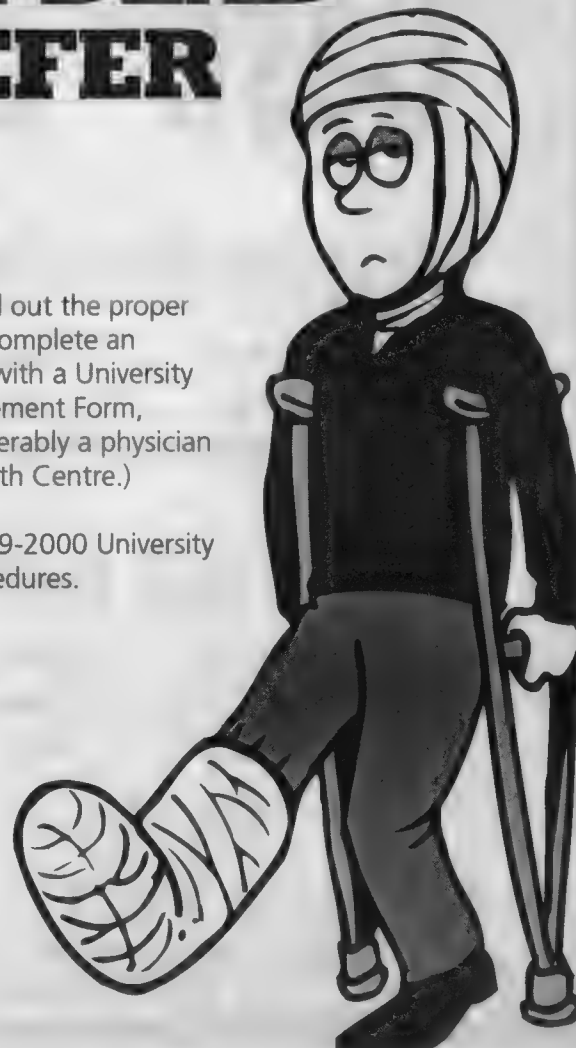
3 Tuesdays:
Half Price Double Burger

Dairy Queen **UNIVERSITY DAIRY QUEEN**
8415 - 109 STREET 448-7460

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE DEAD TO DEFER

...But you do have to fill out the proper paperwork. You must complete an application form along with a University of Alberta Medical Statement Form, signed by a doctor (preferably a physician from the University Health Centre.)

See page 68 of you 1999-2000 University Calendar for exact procedures.




UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
STUDENTS UNION

Student OmbudService
2-306 SUB 462-4689
ombuds@su.ualberta.ca
www.su.ualberta.ca



University of Alberta

PALEEEZE

 **NO MORE DRAFT!!**

(Thank God)

WE'VE GONE MAD!

NOW 75¢

BRAND NEW HIBALLS ALL NITE!

THURSDAY STUDENT NIGHT

CLUB MALIBU

10310 - 85 AVE • 432-7300

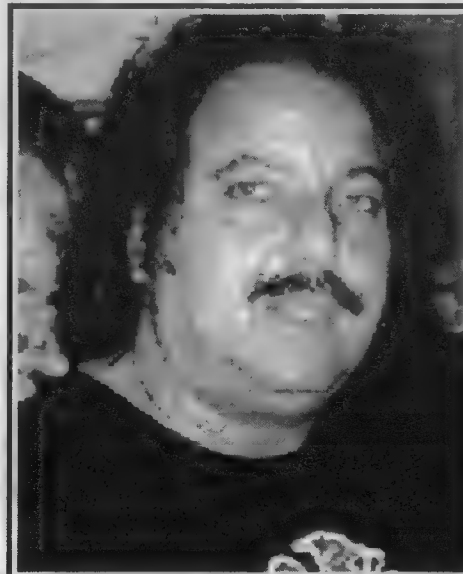
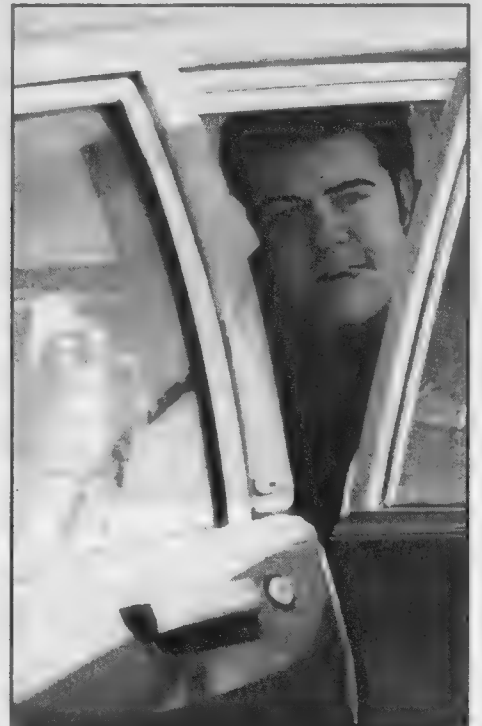
Getaway editor to join Baldwin clan

Bob Loblaw

LIES & FABRICATION STAFF

The *Getaway* is looking for a new Can-of-Soup after current head Wheel Ofortune was invited to become the newest member of the Baldwin Family. Famous Baldwin brother Daniel is currently in town filming a low budget direct-to-video feature. Ofortune was discovered while working his usual 3:00pm-11:00pm shift at West Edmonton Orange Julius. "It's ironic because the day before I had been arrested for trespassing onto the set," Ofortune said, referring to his attempts to get "closer" to Daniel.

Over a box of donuts retrieved from the bottom drawer of his filing cabinet, I spoke with Squeal about how he came to be a Baldwin. "I will have to start at the bottom and work my way up. My agent and I are still working out the details but it looks like I will start out as a body double for Daniel. Ofortune is not discouraged and believes that we can look forward to him starring alongside his more famous 'brothers.'



Hey! Do you like Porn?
Come to the Gateway this Wednesday between one and three o'clock and name five movies that Ron Jeremy has been in and enter to win passes to the Ron Jeremy Last Day of Classes bash at the Thunderdome, Wednesday, Dec 8th to meet Ron Jeremy, a porn star T-shirt, and three free rentals at Adult Superstore! (this is no joke)

Jumpin' Jack Cash wants to remind you to...

Get Cash for Books

Student Union Building

Mon-Fri, Dec 13-17.....9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Saturday, Dec 18.....11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Mon-Wed, Dec 20-22.....9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Hub Mall

Mon-Fri, Dec 13-17.....9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Saturday, Dec 18.....11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Mon-Wed, Dec 20-22.....9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.



Book Buyback...
It makes dollars and sense.

Jumpin' Jack Cash
fast facts on why you
should sell your books!



1 = You get cash for books.
Cash you can use for other things.



Books are a reusable resource.
Selling them not only saves the environment, but helps other students save money.



A return on your investment.
Selling your books helps you recover part of what you spent originally when you purchased those books.



Time is money.
Your books will never be worth more than they are right now.

University Bookstore & the BookCellar

CLASSIFIEDS

To place a classified ad, call
Information Registries at 492-4212

For Rent

3 bedroom condo, furnished including dishes.
Direct bus to U of A. \$660 per month plus
utilities. 435-5147

Services

Math/ Science Tutor. All levels. The best on
Campus. Call Bryan @906-4914.
Term papers, assignments, resumes typed in
a professional manner. \$4/page. Call Shenaz
@ 476-0338

For Sale

One-way ticket to Vancouver leaves
December 22. \$50. 988-2069.
'91 Ford Taurus, V6, 4 door, automatic, 163
k, PS, PM, AC, excellent condition, \$3200
odo. Call Weilin @ 492-7283 day, 988-
2678 evening.

Wanted

Occasional driver wanted a few hours a week.
Apply after November 22 to 444-9547.
BE PAID FOR SURFING THE WEB! goto
www.alladvantage.com/go.asp?refid=DXZ0

99. Click "Join" and sign up
Keep DXZ-099. Follow email instructions
ENJOY! NO FEES! NO RISK! Questions
or just to say THANK YOU email sweeter-
life@yahoo.com

Employment - Full Time

TRAVEL - teach English: 5day/40 hr March
15-19 TESOL teacher certification course
(or by correspondence). 1,000's of jobs
available NOW. FREE information pack-
age, 780-438-5704.

TRAVEL - teach English: 5day/40 hr March
15-19 TESOL teacher certification course
(or by correspondence). 1,000's of jobs
available NOW. FREE information pack-
age, 780-438-5704.

Employment - Part Time

CHRISTMAS CASH Make money now and
through the holidays. \$12.85 to start. Make
your own hours, great for students! Gain
resume experience, scholarships offered.
Call now! 436-9444

The Library Bistro requires waitress,
bartenders, and line cooks / kitchen
help. Please apply in person, at 11113
87Ave. Ask for Micheal.

Employment - Temporary

Due West Student Paintings currently
requires managers for summer 2000.

Managers receive quality training and sup-
port. Above average earnings of \$8,000 to
\$20,000 call 1-800-585-8666 today.

Personals

DOWN UNDER. Edmonton's Gay &
Bisexual Men's Bathhouse. 12224 Jasper
Ave. 482-7960. Student Mondays \$4 off,
4pm-12am. Call for daily specials.

Your future? prosperity or mere survival?
Grants available from educational founda-
tion. Call 471-4176.

Three Lines For A Toonie

To the Husky Redhead in ChE 316, I like
your eyes and your ass. When I see you I get
an erection. Meet me, Beat me. Love,
Tightass.

To the "nice" Guys we eat lunch with. Don't
let what we say go to your head, hope to see
you next semester. -AD

Mike dsfjhsd sdhfi sdusdf vbdhuvbdfjivn-
jghjinv jidfbgjindfijvdbfijvdbijvb

HAPPY BOB KNOWS

Department of Philosophy
presents "The Creative Subject"
on Friday, December 10 at 3:30 pm.
There is no charge for admission.
The location is Humanities Centre
4-29. Randy Wojtowicz, a visiting
Assistant Professor is speaking.

Department of Chemical
and Materials Engineering
presents "Concentration
Polarization of Interacting Solute
Particles in Crossflow Membrane
Filtration" on Friday, December 17
at 2:30 pm. There is no charge for
admission. The location is Room
340, Chemical and Materials

Engineering Building. Subir
Bhattacharjee, from the
Department of Chemical
Engineering at Yale University is
speaking. for more info contact
Diane Reckhow at diane.reck-
how@ualberta.ca.

HBK is a service provided for
Registered Student Groups and
University Departments ONLY.
HBK is only printed in the Tuesday
edition of The Getaway each week.
HBK does not publish events that
are weekly, on-going, or not open to
the public. Incomplete forms will
not be submitted. Submissions will
print for only one issue only. Entry
deadline is 3:00 pm Fridays (submit
your entry on the Friday before the
issue you wish it to appear in).
Submit to Information Registries
(030-A, Lower level SUB) or at any
Information Desk.

LUSH

10030A 102 STREET 780 424 2851

wednesday december 22

dj delerious • dj cziolek
dj emotion (calgary)

wednesday december 29

dj Dr J (regina) • dj cziolek
dj emotion (calgary)

doors at 8³⁰pm
50¢ highballs until 11 pm

WEDNESDAY

remember the
classix night

DANCE FLOORS (4) ROOMS (3) DANCE FLOORS (4) ROOMS (3)

new years eve 1999

featuring: the smalls
molly's reach choke

djs:
ariel & roel
siren
jason
sun

(3) dance floors
(4) rooms
(5) bars

tickets are \$30 at ticketmaster

the rev

LUSH

10030A 102 STREET 780 424 2851

LUSH

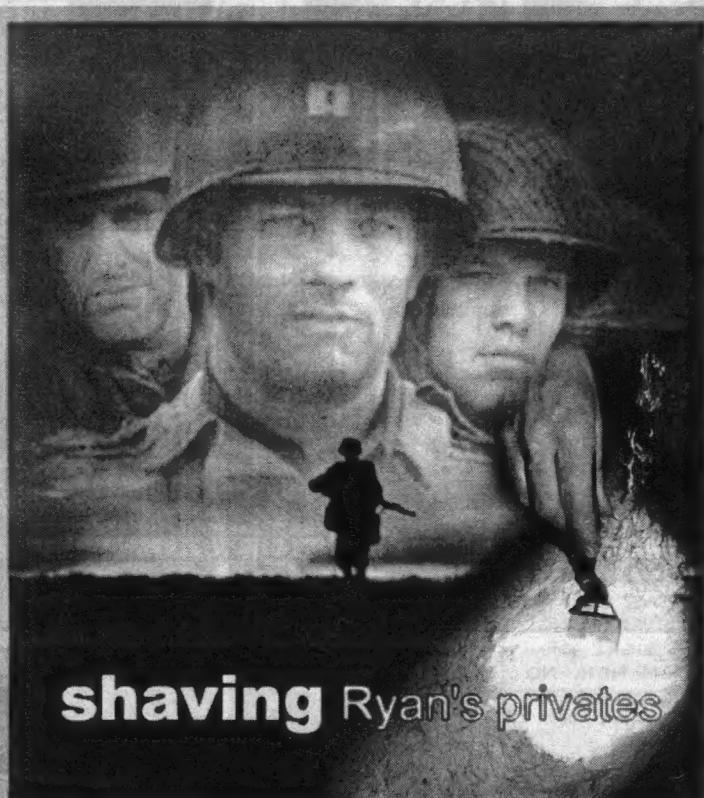
10030A 102 Street
780 424 2851

(4) ROOMS
(3) DANCE FLOORS

99¢ HIGHBALLS
25¢ DRAFT

DRINK SPECIALS UNTIL 10:30PM

SATURDAYS



shaving Ryan's privates

5 ACADEMY AWARDS
INCLUDING
BEST DIRECTOR 1998 Sweven Iceberg

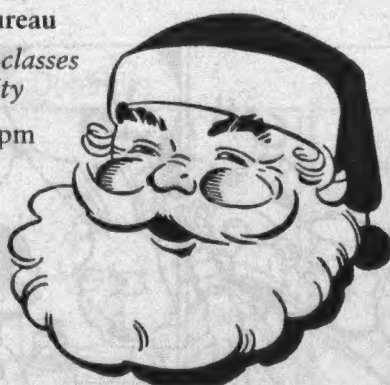
Mistletoe Madness

Wednesday December 8, 1999
Doors - 8:30 pm

A fundraising event for the
Edmonton Christmas Bureau

Celebrate the last day of classes
and support a local charity

Free Pizza before 10:00 pm



DINWOODIE
lounge

No Minors/Age ID Required

A STUDENTS UNION PRODUCTION

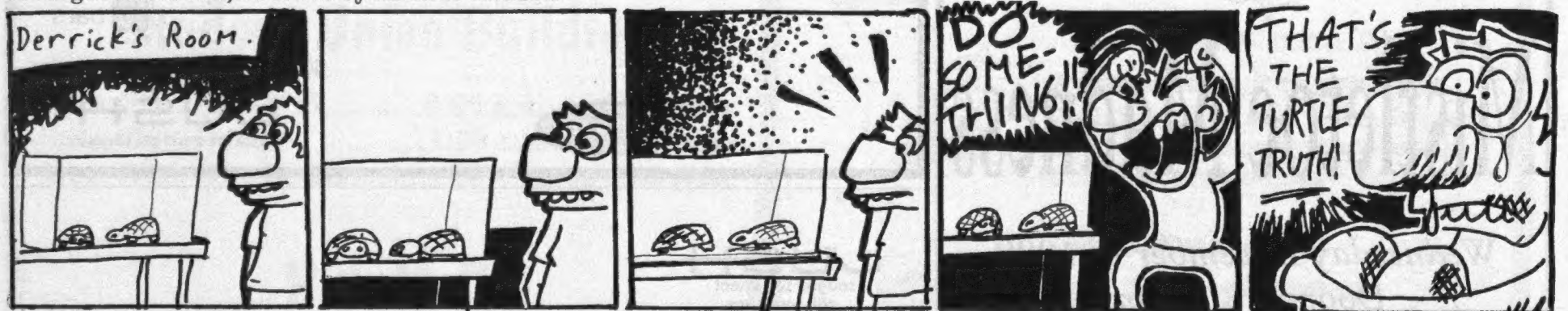
Loozer Comix 2020 by Chris "the same joke every week" Botitties



Rancid Twit by Dive Lower



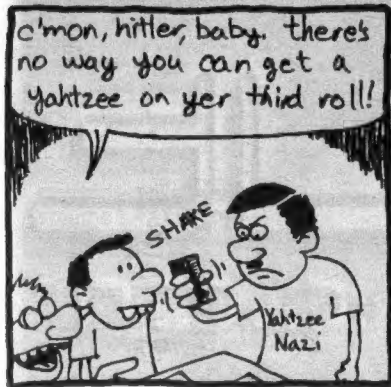
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles by Michael Jackson



Cigar You Know Where by Tony "The Body" Esteves



Shitleriffic Funnies by Mike "Breakdancin' Hippie" Winterz



In Out In Out In Out At Last by MN Burn



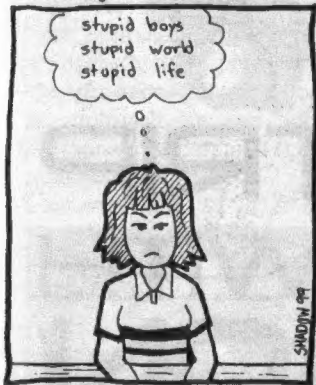
Boringworld by Rudolph the Shadowy Reindeer



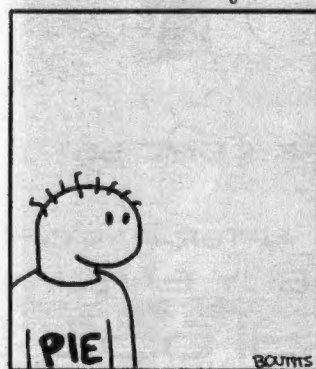
Anus by Codeine Petrock



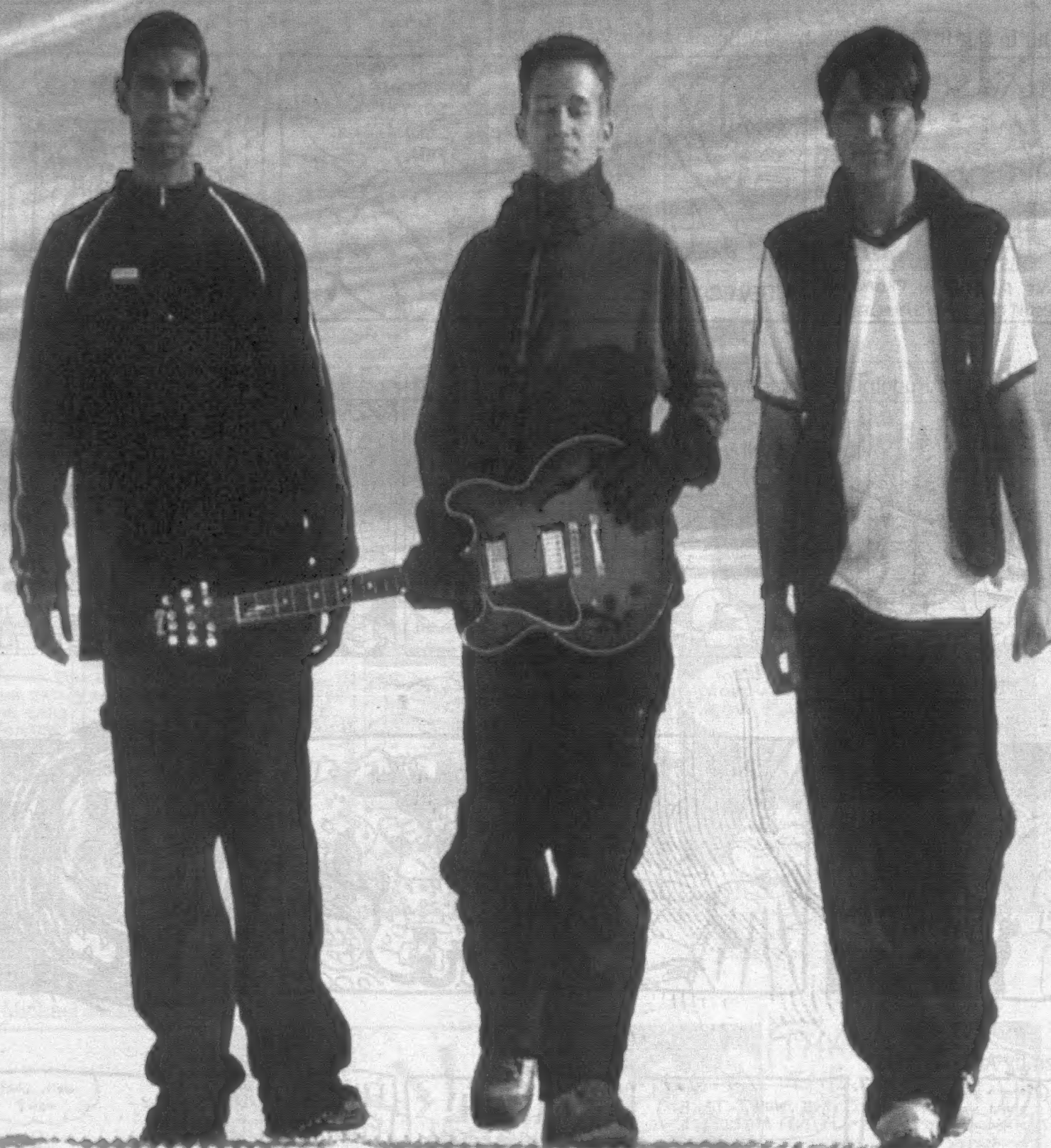
Eliza by Animé Ussher



Perverse Gank by Mark McDonald's



www.
WIDE MOUTH MASON
 .com



2 DAY MILLENIUM SKI TRIP PARTY OF A LIFETIME WITH **WIDE MOUTH MASON**

ALL INCLUSIVE:
 BANFF, DEC 30th

LUXURY COACHES, \$20 000 IN DOOR PRIZES - SKI TRIP, RENTALS, LESSONS, LIFT TICKETS
 CALGARY, DEC 30th

ACCOMODATION - PRE-MILLENIUM PUB CRAWL/PRIVATE PARTY SHOWCASING DJ WAX'S DMC SET
 EDMONTON, DEC 31st

NEW YEAR'S EVE LIVE CONCERT FEATURING DJ WAX/WIDE MOUTH MASON - AFTER-PARTY
 TICKETS AVAILABLE THROUGH **TICKETMASTER** ONLINE FIRST 100 TICKETS \$269, BUY EARLY

FOR MORE INFO CALL 953 2345 / 431 655